VIDEOPHILIA P. 29 • CAMPAIGN MONKEY BUSINESS P. 110

Smithsonian

APRIL 2008

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ILLUMINATING BLACK HOLES

Astronomers aim lasers at the most mysterious objects in the universe

CAPE TOWN: BEYOND THE BEAUTY

LBJ'S LOST CAUSE

GUSTAVE COURBET'S REVOLUTIONARY ART

NABBING HISTORY THIEVES

BASEBALL'S GURU OF GRASS

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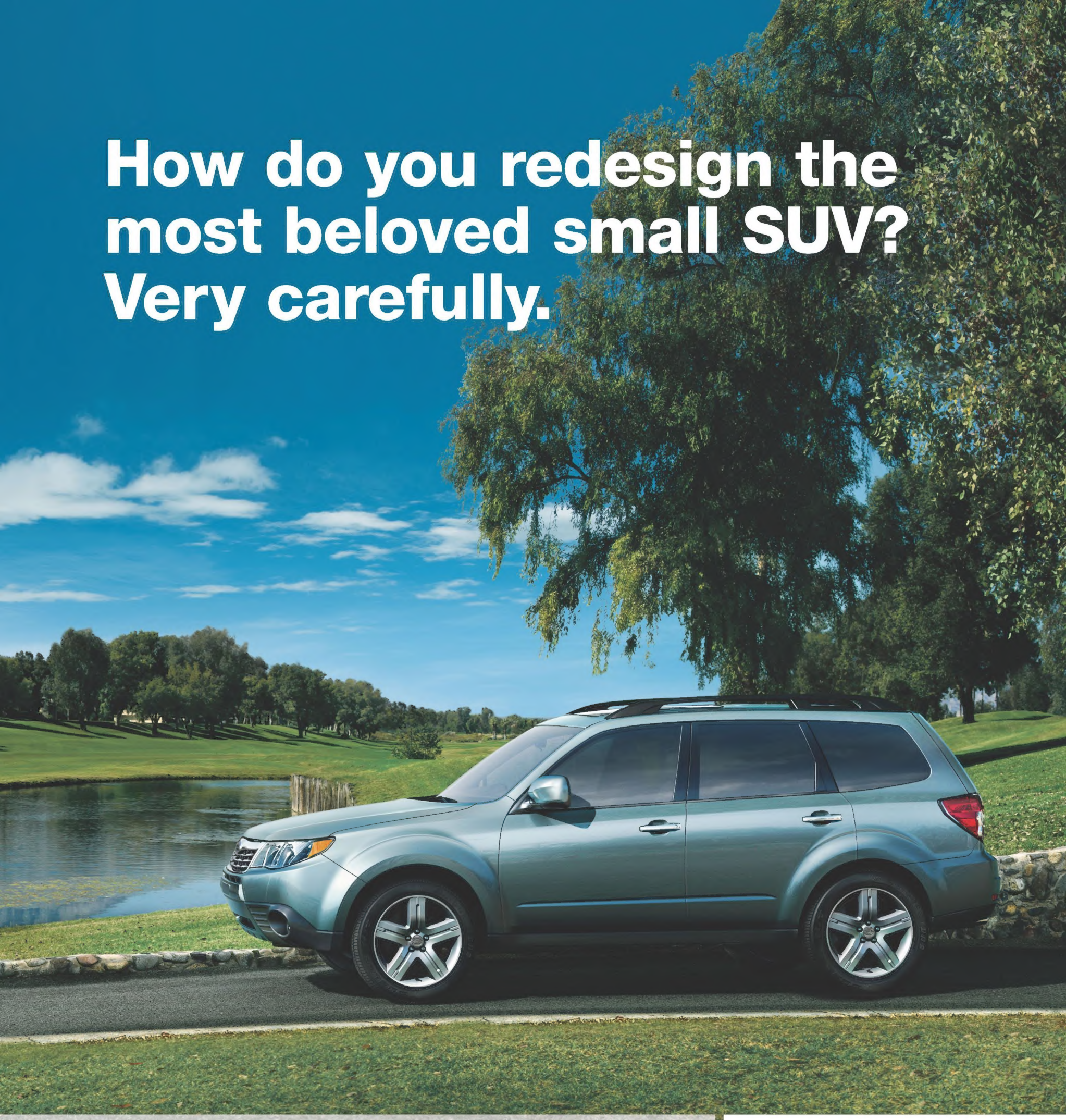

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Smithsonian features

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"Arguably modern art's original *enfant terrible,* Gustave Courbet makes more recent shockmeisters like Jeff Koons, Damien Hirst and Robert Mapplethorpe seem almost conventional."

"LARGER THAN LIFE," PAGE 80

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Lasers and other tools are giving astronomers new insights into the monstrous formations that cause mayhem at the center of galaxies, including our own

BY ROBERT IRION

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Blessed with mountains, vineyards and a magnificent coastline, South Africa's "Mother City" could hardly be more beautiful. But apartheid has left its scars

BY JOSHUA HAMMER

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On March 31, 1968, Lyndon Baines Johnson announced he would not seek re-election, intending to focus on his legacy. Then, four days later, Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated

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80 Larger Than Life

A rebel in a revolutionary age, the 19th-century French painter Gustave Courbet paved the way for the Impressionists by taking on all comers

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88 To Catch a Thief

Embarrassed curators and librarians once kept quiet when rare documents, precious maps or other national treasures were stolen from their collections. Now they're getting angry—and even

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102 The Sodfather

For third-generation baseball groundskeeper Roger Bossard, creating—and maintaining—fields of dreams is a major-league obsession

BY MIKE THOMAS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM KLEIN

THIS PAGE: In his early self-portraits (detail of *The Wounded Man*, 1844-54), Gustave Courbet depicted himself as a Byronic figure, with long, flowing hair and liquid brown eyes. Réunion des Musées Nationaux / Art Resource, NY

COVER: A high-powered laser beam at Hawaii's Keck Observatory gives scientists a sharper view of the universe. Photograph by Laurie Hatch.

Smithsonian departments

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For travelers, missionaries and foreign workers, elephant tusks became souvenirs of choice. Often there would be a commissioned inscription, such as "Memories of Savage Africa."

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THIS PAGE: Detail of a late-19th-century tusk carved by the Kongo peoples of central Africa's Loango Coast. Photograph by Franko Khoury / National Museum of African Art, SI.

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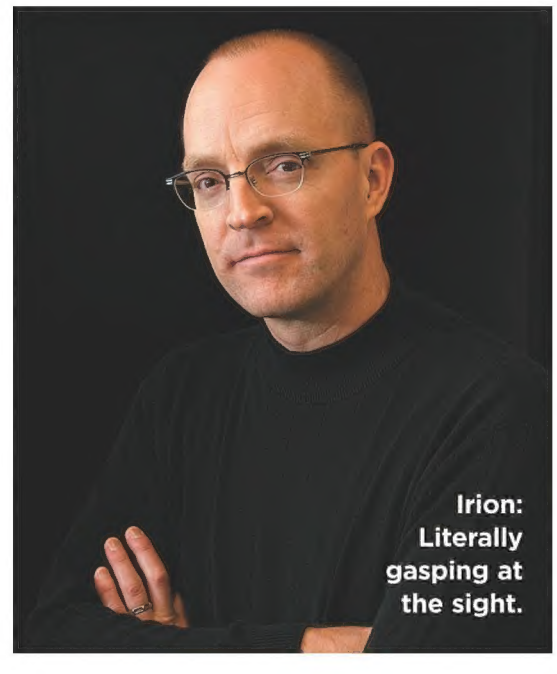
FROM THE EDITOR

Into the Void

Unraveling an astronomical mystery . . . and a presidency **BY CAREY WINFREY**

BLACK HOLES are intrinsically interesting," says Robert Irion, "because they're just so strange and exotic and seem like something out of science fiction." But they're quite real. "There's no longer a debate that they exist. What people may not realize is that it appears as if all major galaxies—our Milky Way, the neighboring Andromeda and all the other galaxies that the Hubble telescope can see—have these giant black holes at their centers, millions of times or even a few billion times as massive as our sun. That's something that came as a surprise in the last decade even to astronomers and is only now becoming broadly accepted by the astronomy and astrophysics communities. It has profound implications for our understanding of how galaxies themselves arose and how they evolved over time."

Much of this new research has been made possible by the laser system at the W. M. Keck Observatory in Hawaii. Because of this technology, Irion says, "astronomers can see stars close to the center of our galaxy that



Irion: Literally gasping at the sight.

JIM MACKENZIE

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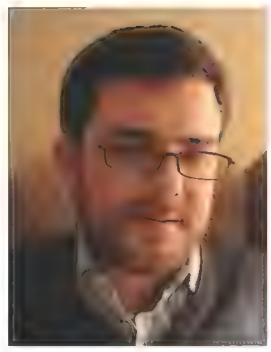
dive very close to the black hole and then orbit out again. It's like looking at comets orbiting around our sun, except they're not comets—just ten miles across—but stars ten times bigger than our sun orbiting at up to 3 percent of the speed of light." Irion, who wrote our cover story ("Homing In on Black Holes," p. 44), has written about astronomy for more than a decade. But this assignment marked his first trip to Keck. That's where he was, standing outside waiting for technicians to get the system up and running, when the laser came on. "I quite literally gasped," he says, "and it wasn't from a lack of oxygen. It was such a stunning sight, almost like viewing a work of art."



PAT RISEN

Risen: The moment researchers live for.

FOR OUR probing piece about how the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. and the urban riots that followed not only affected Lyndon Baines Johnson's presidency ("The Unmaking of the President," p. 68) but also reshaped the American political landscape, Clay Risen spent many hours in Johnson's presidential museum and archives in Austin, Texas, and at the National Archives branch in College Park, Maryland. He also talked to quite a few LBJ staffers—not only key decision makers like Joseph Califano, Harry McPherson and Roger Wilkins, but more junior staffers who, Risen says, "were actually doing a lot of the grunt work and advising the advisers." But Risen's eureka moment came when he ran across a memo that Califano had written to Johnson after King's assassination advising the president to appear before a joint session of Congress to push for social programs. On the memo, Johnson had scrawled: "I promised nothing. I stated my intentions only. Since changed by riots."

Risen says, "This is the kind of moment every researcher lives for, when you find that document that embodies perfectly the argument you're trying to make."

THE 50 FINALISTS of our 5th Annual Photo Contest go on display at Smithsonian.com April 1 (no April Fools' jokes, please). This year, in addition to the usual winners in each of five categories and a Grand Prize winner chosen by our judges, readers will be able to select a seventh, Readers' Choice winner, by voting online at Smithsonian.com. All seven winners will be announced in early summer.

Smithsonian magazine 5TH ANNUAL PHOTO CONTEST

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LETTERS READERS RESPOND TO THE **FEBRUARY** ISSUE

It is amazing that our government provided this service that saved hundreds of thousands of treasures stolen by the Nazis ("Monumental Mission"). These soldiers did a wonderful job with limited training, and the world owes them a great debt of gratitude. What a contrast with current leaders who did little to prevent looting in Iraq, despite warnings that the Iraq Museum was vulnerable.

E. MURRAY TATE JR., HICKORY, NORTH CAROLINA

RESCUING STOLEN ART

LYNN H. NICHOLAS wrote the definitive work on this subject. Her brilliant 1994 book, *The Rape of Europa*, was published after ten years of groundbreaking research, during which Nicholas interviewed most of the surviving "monuments men," as these soldiers are called, and it won the National Book Critics Circle Award. Her research also spurred the retrieval of more stolen artworks, thereby helping to carry on the soldiers' mission. She has also contributed to a documentary movie of the same title.

EDMOND R. DU PONT
WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS

TAGGED

CURATOR FRANK GOODYEAR III, of the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery, says the exhibit featuring museum-commissioned graffiti is "not glorifying the illegal activity" (Around the Mall, "Aerosol Art"). So what is it doing? Graffiti—the defacement of property with spray-painted "signatures"—may be an art form, but part of its appeal to artists is its illicit nature. It's an updated, more fanciful version of "Kilroy was here," and it assumes that the artist has more rights than the property owner. If the cura-

tors of this exhibit found graffiti on their cars or on their homes, would they still feel it is worth featuring? Instead of replicating art that is a form of vandalism, why doesn't the Smithsonian purchase canvases for budding graffiti artists? It's interesting that the Smithsonian itself did not allow the graffiti artists to paint directly on museum walls.

ELANA BODINE
YUBA CITY, CALIFORNIA

RADIOACTIVE HISTORY

I WAS PART OF a Combat Engineer Battalion, the 231st, Baker Company, which witnessed some of the early nuclear test explosions discussed in the Points of Interest item "Atomic Legacy." While bunkers were present in various field fortification display areas, the soldiers who participated were out in the open. Animals of various species were caged in a miniature village constructed of different materials in an attempt to discover ways of building structures that could withstand the explosions. Our observation site was only a few miles away. After the blast, we walked back toward ground zero, and the closer we got, the more the animals suffered, from singed wool to terrible burns to death. We were met by men wearing what looked like white spacesuits, who waved wands over us—Geiger counters—that clicked like mad. Since then, several members of our group have suffered from cancer.

E. D. FOOTIT
FARMINGTON, MINNESOTA

MONKEY BUSINESS

AFTER READING about Marc van Roosmalen ("Trials of a Primatologist"), I have to agree with those who say that his problems are of his own making. I was disheartened that your excellent publication devoted 12 pages to his plight. Clearly he thinks that the rules do not apply to him. The extensive paperwork required to pursue his chosen vocation, while tedious, is intended to protect the researcher as well as the research institution(s) and subject(s). His failure to comply suggests contempt for the agencies. That he had an extramarital affair, but thinks his family has betrayed him, shows just how deluded he is. Obviously, he has spent too much time in the jungle and madness has overtaken him.

M. L. CARR
TROY, IDAHO

CORRECTION:

A photograph on page 20 accompanying a Points of Interest item about Arches National Park in Utah actually shows another Utah site, Canyonlands National Park. We regret the error. —Ed.

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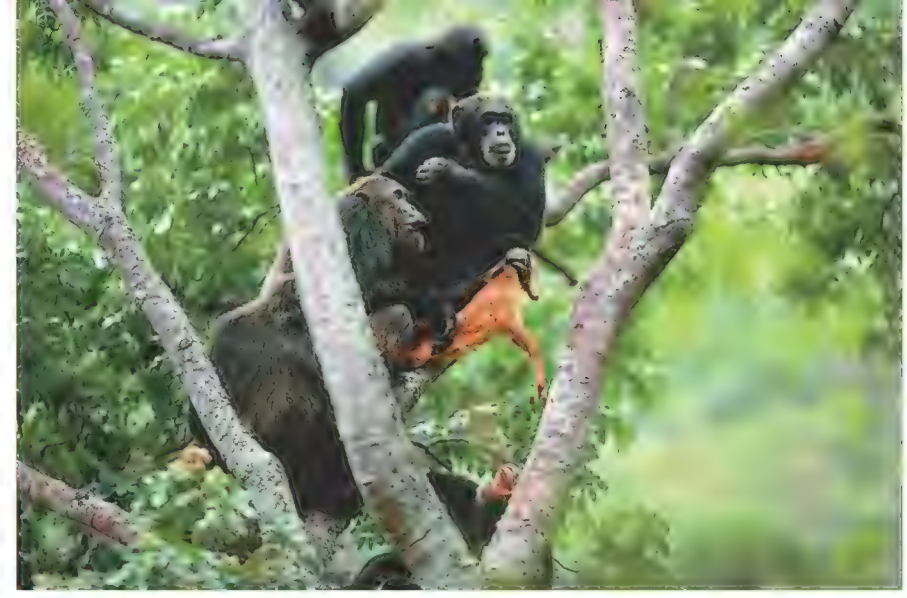
WILD THINGS

LIFE AS WE KNOW IT

BY KENNETH R. FLETCHER, T.A. FRAIL, MEGAN GAMBINO, LAURA HELMUTH AND SARAH ZIELINSKI



FOLLOW THE LEADER

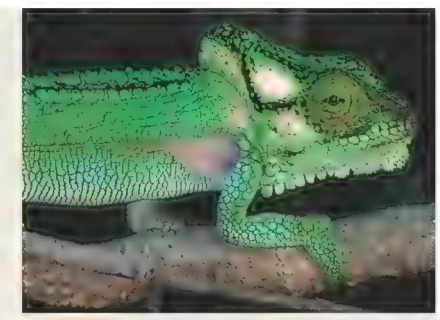
Chimpanzees eat mostly fruit, but now and then a group hunts down a monkey. What makes them attack? Leadership, according to a nine-year study of 14 adult male chimps in Uganda. Two of the males were most likely to hunt. Other chimps seldom went hunting unless one or both leaders participated, showing that a group decision can be catalyzed by an individual.

EGGED ON

Look again—the arrow isn't pointing to a berry. It's a parasitic worm's way of getting around. Scientists at the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute in Panama discovered the tiny nematode worm, whose eggs swell an ant's abdomen and turn it red. Such "fruit mimicry" tricks a berry-seeking bird into eating an infected ant and spreading the worm's eggs in its droppings, which ants eat—starting the cycle anew.

See video of parasitized ants at Smithsonian.com/wildthings

Observed



NAME: Southern African dwarf chameleons *(Bradypodion spp.)*
EVERYBODY KNOWS: Chameleons change color.
BUT WHO KNEW? They do it not just to hide, but to be seen.
HOW DO YOU KNOW? Researchers from Australia and South Africa compared chameleons from 21 species and subspecies. In one test, the scientists placed pairs of males on a stick. The dominant male turned a bright color, while the other slinked away and faded. Some types of chameleons showed dramatic color differences, others less so. But the range of color didn't have much to do with the appearance of the chameleons' habitats. The researchers contend that communication is a more powerful force than camouflage in the evolution of chameleon color change.

TELL TAIL

A male Anna's hummingbird courts females by flying up 100 feet, diving at 50 miles per hour and emitting a loud squeak. But where does the sound come from? Not its throat, say University of California at Berkeley researchers. High-speed video and wind-tunnel tests show it's the speeding bird's tail feathers that chirp, vibrating like a clarinet reed.

TIME TO BREED

If dinosaurs developed like birds, their closest living relatives, they would not have reached sexual maturity until full-grown. But a University of California at Berkeley study suggests the animals were precocious. Fossils of young allosaurus (right) and tenontosaurus contained medullary bone, calcium-rich tissue for building eggshells during pregnancy. The researchers speculate that because dinosaurs tended not to reach a ripe old age, they had to live fast and breed young.

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Comrades And Arms

When Fidel Castro asked for a show of hands in support of his new policies, an American journalist captured the response **BY GUY GUGLIOTTA**

IN MID-JANUARY 1959, Fidel Castro and his comrades in revolution had been in power less than a month. Criticized in the international press for threatening summary justice and execution for many members of the government of ousted dictator Fulgencio Batista, Castro called on the Cuban people to show their support at a rally in front of Havana's presidential palace.

Castro, 32, wore a starched fatigue cap as he faced the crowd. With him were two of his most trusted lieutenants: Camilo Cienfuegos, unmistakable in a cowboy hat, and Ernesto (Che) Guevara in his trademark black beret. Castro's supporting cast would change over the years—Cienfuegos would die in an airplane crash nine months later and Guevara would be killed fomenting revolution in Bolivia in 1967—but Fidel would return to the plaza repeatedly for major speeches until illness forced him to withdraw from public life in 2006 and from the Cuban presidency this past February.

"It's during this rally that Fidel for the first time turns to the crowd and says, 'If you agree with what we're doing, raise your hand,' " says Lillian Guerra, an assistant professor of Caribbean history at Yale University. Later, she says, Castro's calling for shows of hands at such rallies "became officially a substitute for electoral voting."

The event unfolds in a series of photographs

For the first time, Castro (January, 1959, facing camera) "realized the *visual* dimensions of his power," says historian Lillian Guerra.

taken by Andrew St. George, a writer and photographer who had chronicled the progress of Castro's revolution since 1957. St. George was a colorful character. Born in Hungary as Andras Szentgyorgyi, he had spent World War II helping opponents of the Nazis escape Budapest. Also an anti-communist, he went to Austria when the Soviets occupied Hungary after the war. In 1952 he immigrated to the United States and became a freelance journalist. He covered Cuba's revolution because he believed it was a nationalist—not a communist—uprising.

St. George died in 2001, at age 77; his widow, Jean, 80, is a film researcher who lives in Dobbs Ferry, New York. "I never thought my husband was a great photographer," she says matter-of-factly. But two years in Cuba had given him access that more accomplished photographers couldn't match. "And he took a lot of pictures," Jean St. George adds. "Some of them were bound to turn out."

St. George's work (a student at the rally) "makes the Cuban revolution come alive," Guerra says.

Castro "never believed he would get a million people to show up on the plaza. He's really blown away."

St. George's images from that January rally—more than 100 of them—are included in a collection of contact sheets that he sold to Yale University in 1969 along with the rest of his Cuba *oeuvre*, more than 5,000 images. "We were always broke," Jean St. George says with a laugh. "So much of our lives were spent on expense accounts, so we could stay in great hotels and eat in great restaurants, but we couldn't pay the electric bill."

St. George (in Cuba in 1957) would become disillusioned.

Yale paid $5,000 for the collection but had no funds to do anything with it, so it languished untouched for more than 35 years in the Yale Library. In 2006, Guerra helped secure a grant for more than $140,000 and led efforts to sort, digitize and catalog the photographs.

For Guerra, the New York-born child of Cuban parents, the collection represented a rich lode. The unedited pictures—of bearded guerrillas in the Sierra Maestra, ousted military officials on trial or a young, charismatic Castro—capture the excitement that gripped Cuba before the revolution's embrace of communism turned the country into a police state.

St. George's work "makes the Cuban revolution come alive," Guerra says. "What we get [in the United States] is so top-down—so much about what's wrong with Cuba. And in Cuba, the government encourages Cubans to believe they are in a constant state of war, with invasion from the United States threatened all the time."

But in January 1959, it all seemed new and somehow possible. In the contact sheets, the rally unfolds as the day goes on: a crowd gathers, demonstrators hold signs reading *Impunidad—no!* ("No mercy!") and *Al paredón* ("To the execution wall"). A university student wears a hangman's noose and a smile. The view over Castro's shoulder shows the multitude before him.

Castro "never believed he would get a million people to show up in the plaza," Guerra says. "He's really blown away. You see picture after picture of his face and the photographs of the crowd." After he asks for their support, Castro sees a forest of hands stretching to the sky. "Then there's this shot of Fidel's face," Guerra goes on. "He turns around, and he's surrounded by Che and Camilo and all the guys from the Sierra, and he gives them this look . . . *'We did it!'* " For the first time, she says, "Fidel realized the *visual* dimensions of his power."

Within a year, however, St. George would become disillusioned with the revolution and return to the United States, where he reported on Cuban exiles plotting against the Castro government. Guevara ended up dismissing St. George as "the FBI guy," and he was routinely accused of being a CIA agent. His widow denies the charge. "He was Hungarian, so of course he was anti-communist," she says. "But he never worked for the CIA."

GUY GUGLIOTTA *covered Cuba for the* Miami Herald *in the 1980s.*

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THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

APRIL ANNIVERSARIES
MOMENTOUS OR MERELY MEMORABLE

BY ALISON McLEAN

40 YEARS AGO
FALLEN HERO

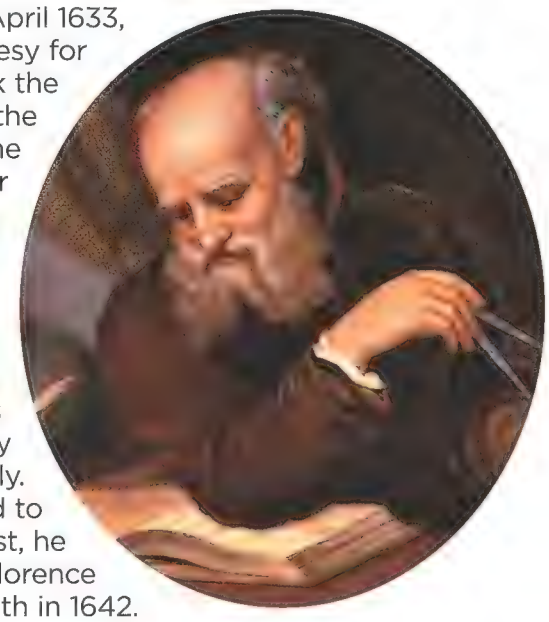
Civil rights leader Martin Luther King Jr., 39, is assassinated on the balcony of his Memphis motel on the evening of April 4, 1968, while preparing for a march in support of the city's striking sanitation workers. Escaped convict James Earl Ray, captured in June, pleads guilty and is sentenced to 99 years. Ray then protests his innocence, with the eventual support of King's family, until his death at age 70 in 1998. For more on the national outcry at King's death, see page 68.

50 YEARS AGO
ONE FREE POUND

Twelve years after being declared insane, poet Ezra Pound is released from a Washington, D.C. mental hospital in April 1958, incompetent to face treason charges for his pro-fascist, anti-American radio broadcasts in World War II. While confined, Pound, who had fostered the careers of Robert Frost, T. S. Eliot and James Joyce among others, wrote regularly, and in 1949 won the Bollingen poetry prize for his "Pisan Cantos." He moves to Venice, where he dies in 1972 at age 87.

375 YEARS AGO ROUND AND ROUND

Astronomer Galileo Galilei, 70, faces the Inquisition in Rome in April 1633, suspected of heresy for promoting in a 1632 book the Copernican idea that the earth revolves around the sun over the older geocentric view. Though he had bolstered that argument with his own telescopic observations, Galileo recants, saying he was speaking only hypothetically. Sentenced to house arrest, he lives near Florence until his death in 1642.



90 YEARS AGO TRUMPED ACE

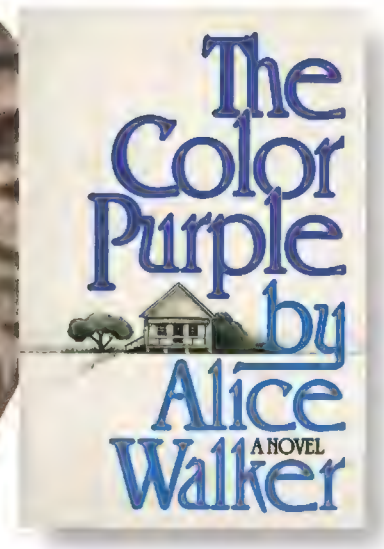
German World War I flying ace Manfred von Richthofen, 25, the "Red Baron," flying a red Fokker triplane low behind British lines in pursuit of an Allied Sopwith Camel, is shot down over France, April 21, 1918. Barraged by machine gun fire from ground and air, he is hit in the chest. Just who fired the fatal bullet is still debated, but the baron's record as the WWI ace with the most victories over enemy planes still stands.

25 YEARS AGO
STRIKEOUT KING

On April 27, 1983, with the count at one ball and two strikes, Houston Astros pitcher Nolan Ryan, 36, throws Montreal Expos pinch-hitter Brad Mills a curve—and gets his 3,509th strikeout, breaking the 55-year-old record set by Walter Johnson in 1927. The Astros win, 4-2, and Ryan goes on to finish his career in 1993 with 5,714 strikeouts, still the record.

25 YEARS AGO
PURPLE PASSION

Alice Walker, 39, wins the Pulitzer Prize for her third novel, *The Color Purple*, in April 1983, the first African-American woman to win for fiction. The story, told in letters, of a young black woman's struggles against racism, poverty and men, will also win an American Book Award and inspire both a movie and a Broadway musical.



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CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: BOB ADELMAN / MAGNUM; AP IMAGES; PICTORIAL PRESS / ALAMY; JEFF REINKING / DRR.NET; HARCOURT BOOKS; ULLSTEIN BILD / GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK; MANNY MILLAN / SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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Reference: 1. Health Partners. Beyond Benefits. January 2006. http://www.healthpartners.com:747/media/beyondbenefits/BB0106_ br.htm. Last accessed 8/3/07.

MY KIND OF TOWN
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Urbane Renewal

The best-selling author of *The Emperor's Children* discovers the grown-up pleasures of her adolescent playground **BY CLAIRE MESSUD**

PAULA LERNER / AURORA PHOTOS

BEFORE EVER I HAD set foot in Boston, it lived in my imagination as a natural home. It was the place in the United States where, long before my birth, my parents had been happiest, when my French father was a graduate student at Harvard and my Canadian mother worked at secretarial jobs that sounded, to my childhood ear, impossibly glamorous, at the Browne & Nichols School and at Houghton Mifflin.

Their young lives, in a tiny apartment on a cul-de-sac at the *louche* outer limits of Cambridge—on the Somerville line, no less—were rendered mythical by their stories: of their condemned apartment building, where everything sagged on the verge of collapse; of Mrs. Nussbaum's convenience store around the corner, where, discreetly, you could place bets on the horses (or was it the dogs?); and of the neighborhood butcher, Savenor's, where my mother might catch a glimpse of the great Julia Child. These places took firm shape in my mind, so that when finally I saw them, when my husband and I moved to Boston with our children in 2003—or rather, more particularly, to Somerville, crossing a line my parents had considered to be the demarcation of civilization's end for over 40 years—I was confused by their imperfect reality. Now, I drive past Savenor's and my parents' beloved Emmons Place every morning as I take my kids to school. My parents' first American home is part of my own quotidian map, of my children's only known world. It gives me the sense, however illusory, that we have deep history in this place.

By 2003, though, the Boston area had another outline in my memory and imagination, one more immediate than as the site of my parents' youth: the city was, for a time, the home of my adolescent self and a place no less unreal for all that. When I was a child, my family lived in

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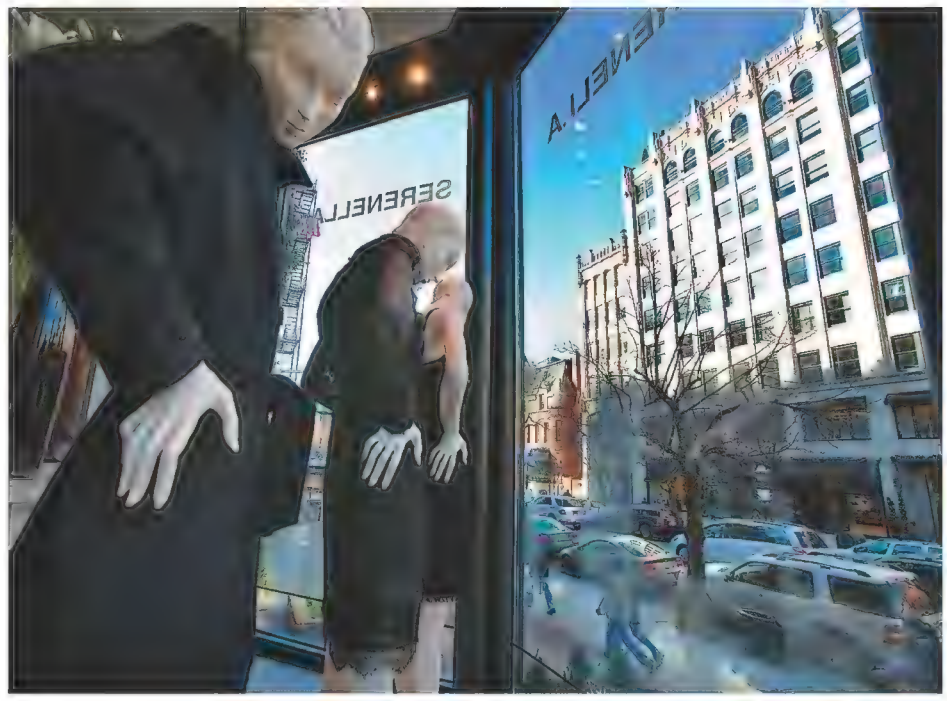
Australia and Canada, and finally, when I was 13, in 1980, we returned to the United States. Because my parents thought they might have to move again before my sister and I finished high school, on account of my father's work, they suggested that we go to a boarding school; and while my sister headed off to rural New Hampshire, I chose a school in the southern suburbs of Boston.



In outings from boarding school, Messud and friends would often head to Newbury Street, known for its fashionable boutiques, to window-shop and visit cafés.

For the three years that followed, Boston was my fantasy home, the illusion of adulthood that was attached to, but not part of, my everyday boarding school life. During the week, we roamed our green and sheltered campus as though there were nowhere else—and, in fact, we could have been anywhere at all, so little did we consider the world outside. Mostly we covered the few blocks from the girls' dorms to the classrooms, past the cemetery and back again, although occasionally, in the afternoons, we bestirred ourselves to walk the few extra blocks to the corner where the ice-cream store and the drugstore sat side by side. The purpose of the former was obvious (it was there I developed my lifelong weakness for sweet cream ice cream with peanut butter cups mixed in); the latter was necessary for NoDoz and Dexatrim, which we hoped would keep us hopping and offset the ice cream.

On weekends, though, in gaggles, we headed for town, taking the leisurely walk to the trolley stop in all weather, then the trolley to the train, and then the train into the city. Boston, for us, consisted largely of a few sites, readily accessible by public transport: Newbury Street, Faneuil Hall, Harvard Square and, occasionally, the North End. That said, I remember doggedly marching the banks of the Charles one freezing winter night from Back Bay almost to the science museum and back, in a group of half a dozen escaped, insufficiently muffled boarders, our noses aflame with cold, our eyes stinging, unable to talk, not sure what we were doing but knowing that we didn't want to head back to school until we had to. Our curfew was 11 p.m., and the potential consequences of tardiness were worse than Cinderella's, but we liked to push the limits.

Going home at 9 or 10 was tantamount to failure. The only time I did it willingly was after my first, and perhaps only, real date, with a boy a year my senior, who took me to dinner at an Italian restaurant in the North End—complete with red gingham tablecloths and a candle in a straw-covered wine bottle—and surely couldn't fathom why I would neither converse nor eat my supper; so that eventually, in the hideous, silent awkwardness, he consumed my meal as well as his own and suggested, wearily, that we go home. Boston was the place we all pretended we were grown up—trying to get served alcohol, most successfully at a *crêperie* in Faneuil Hall and a Chinese restaurant in Harvard Square—but somehow, all my pretending hadn't involved thoughts of romance; so that when this pleasant young man asked me out, I felt as though I were being asked to play an unknown and terrifying role. I'm sure I just seemed rude, and would still like, all these years later, to apologize.

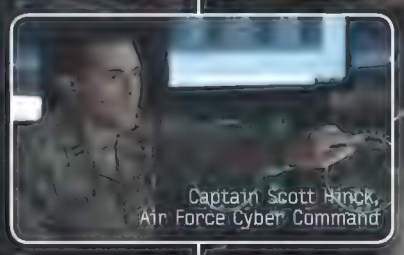
Mostly, though, our Boston forays allowed me to indulge exactly the grown-up fantasies I most enjoyed. In groups of three or four, we strolled the length of Newbury Street as if we belonged there, window-shopping at the fanciest places, stopping for lunch in one little café or another, and moving haughtily on.

I'm sure I just seemed rude, and would still like, all these years later, to apologize.

Only once did my imaginary fashionable self bump up against ugly reality, when I had to purchase a dress for a formal occasion. In what confusion, or delusion, I can't now re-create, I chose the dress department at Bonwit Teller (an institution then, in the grand free-standing building now inhabited by an even fancier shop, Louis Boston), where I discovered, to my chagrin, that there was only one dress that my measly $70 would buy. Still, the romance of a Bonwit Teller dress was too great to relinquish, and it didn't matter that I knew the dress was ugly or that it looked ugly on my ungainly frame (too much sweet cream ice cream, too little Dexatrim). I wore it only once, a knee-length, emerald-green shiny polyester number with blips of red and white, like radioactive

PAULA LERNER / AURORA PHOTOS

MEET STAFF SGT. LEE JONES, AIR FORCE CYBER COMMAND.



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tadpoles, swimming across its breadth, the whole given unfortunate shape by imposing shoulder pads that rustled when I moved and a belt, cinched in a bow, around my indelicate middle. Even in the changing room, but certainly when I got it back to my dormitory and realized that I was too ashamed to put the dress on in front of my roommate, I was forced to acknowledge that I was not, alas, the person I had for so long imagined myself to be, the stylish young Newbury Street shopper just waiting to blossom.

When Messud returned to the Boston area, she settled in Somerville, as close to Harvard Square, a favorite haunt in her youth, as "resources would allow."

Harvard Square was our other main destination, and there, more comfortably, we could pretend we were intellectuals, smoking clove cigarettes in the Algiers coffeehouse and sitting through obscure foreign films at the Orson Welles, the chilly cinema then on Massachusetts Avenue between Harvard and Central squares. Once, a friend and I found ourselves there enduring an interminable porn flick, two 15-year-old girls surrounded by a scattering of older men, misled by a good review in the countercultural weekly and by the fact—surely a moral good?—that the film was Brazilian. At Oonagh's, a secondhand clothing store just beyond the Harvard Book Store, we actually made purchases, and for many years I kept a men's velvet dressing gown I'd picked up there, even though its navy silk lining was in tatters, because it seemed to me, obliquely, to evoke the sort of life I imagined I should lead.

The Boston of my adolescence had no markets, no bills to pay, no bike rides or backyards—and, most mysteriously, no homes. The boarding school had day students, to be sure, and some of them were my friends, and if I try very hard I can conjure a snippet of a kitchen on Beacon Hill or a bath-

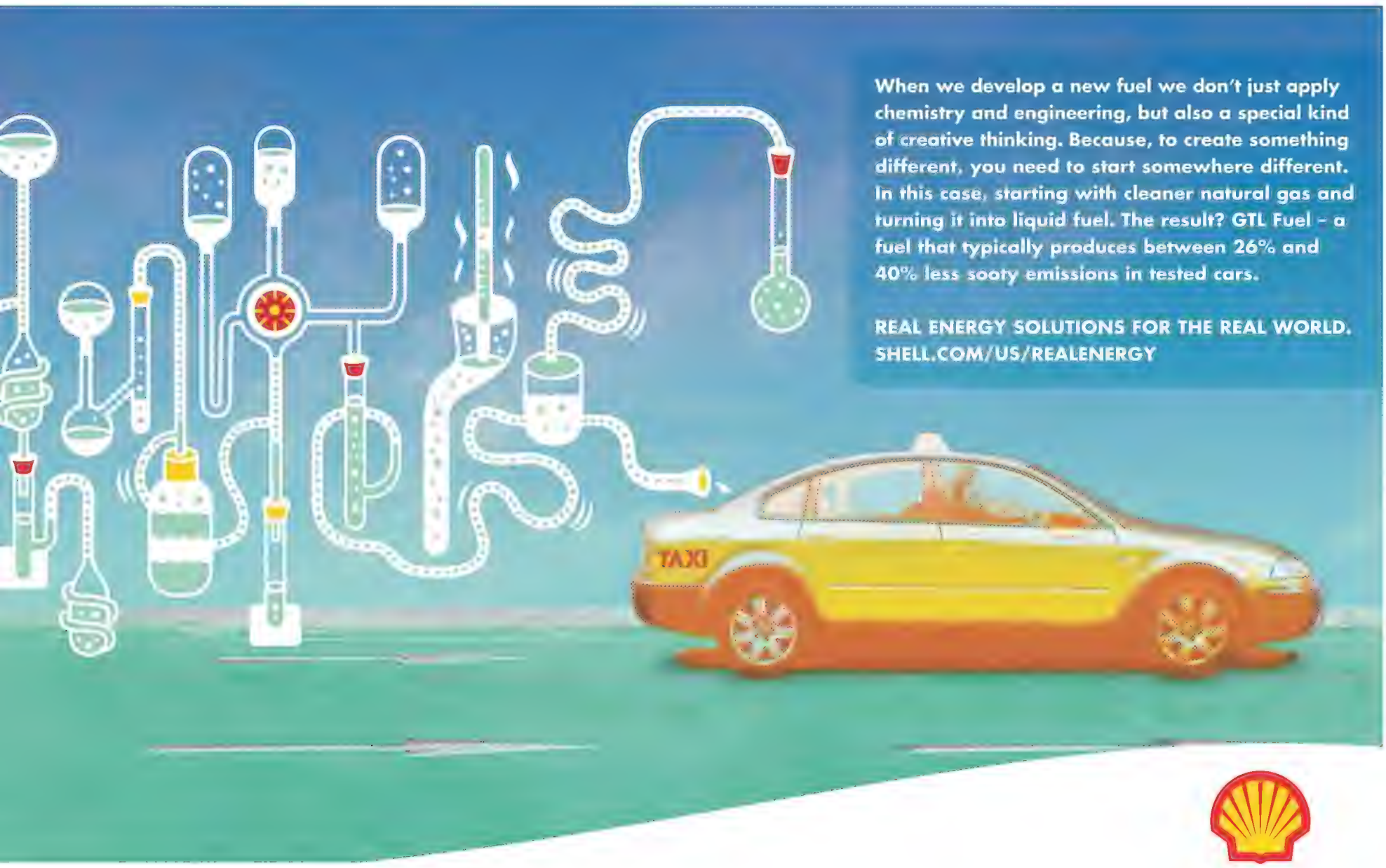
room in a house near Harvard Square. There were adventurous, isolated junkets on the subway out to Brookline and Newton, suburbs where the houses seemed dwarfed by foliage, lives of a sort to which I paid no attention at all, having imperiously decided (my parents were then living in similar suburbs, in Connecticut) that they were not for me. I know I visited such houses—Natasha's house, Elsa's house, Meg's house—but I remember nothing about them.

The prejudice, though, remained with me all these years, and against all logic. When house-hunting in Boston several years back, immensely pregnant and with a 2-year-old in tow, I stubbornly refused to consider Brookline or Newton, or in fact anywhere else where the public schools were any good, but instead cleaved willfully to my adolescent dream of who I was (the intellectual in Harvard Square!) and landed as close by as our resources would allow, upon a hill behind Somerville's Union Square, a mile from Harvard Yard, in an all-but-straight line that leads past my parents' grad student digs and the resurrected butcher Savenor's, where the late Julia Child no longer shops but we frequently do.

It is a life of delicious mundanity, in which the supermarket run is of recurring and vital importance.

Unlike my earlier Boston lives, this one is not imaginary. It is bounded by playgrounds and car repairmen, by the endless two-block loop that is all our dachshund with back trouble can manage for her walks. It is a life of delicious mundanity, in which the supermarket run or the weeding of our tiny patch of yard is of recurring and vital importance. For unexpected thrills, we take the ferry to George's Island, across the glistening harbor, and picnic with our children in the ruined fort. It is unglamorous and glorious. If you'd told me, 20 years ago, that I would live in Boston for four years and know barely any more restaurants than when I arrived, I would have blanched. If you'd told me I would go to the symphony, or the opera, or the theater only about once a year and that the only films I would see would be rated G, I would have been horrified. My idea of myself, like my idea of home, was so very different. But Boston proves to be as wonderful a place for a boring real life as it was for an exciting but imaginary one. Until now, I had always contemplated the next move; now, I contemplate how to avoid it; which I think means that Boston is, after all these years, home.

CLAIRE MESSUD *has written three novels and a book of novellas.*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POINTS OF INTEREST

NOTABLE AMERICAN DESTINATIONS AND HAPPENINGS

The desk is a reproduction.

Abe's Getaway

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Despite the convenient option to live where he worked, during his presidency Abraham Lincoln commuted 45 minutes most summer days by horseback or carriage to a cottage three miles from the White House.

Now, after a seven-year, $15 million restoration by the National Trust for Historic Preservation, the 34-room Gothic Revival house, built in 1842, is open to the public for the first time. It stands on the 270 acres of Soldiers' Home, the first federal retirement facility for disabled war veterans.

Though Rutherford B. Hayes and Chester A. Arthur also retreated to the hilltop cottage, an escape from the city's bustle and muggy heat, its significance is tied to Lincoln, who made use of it while drafting the Emancipation Proclamation and developing Civil War strategies. The Lincolns first occupied the house in June 1862, still mourning the death of their 12-year-old son, Willie.

Visitors can tour ten rooms, including a wood-paneled library that contains copies of Lincoln's favorite books (Shakespeare and the Bible among them) and a bedroom featuring a reproduction of Lincoln's black walnut desk and a facsimile of the Proclamation.

During his commute, Lincoln often passed poet Walt Whitman, who lived on the route; the two would exchange "very cordial" bows, Whitman wrote. One August night in 1864, a sniper shot off the president's hat as he approached the cottage grounds. Lincoln would be killed nine months later. BY DAVID ZAX

Boom Time

EAGLE LAKE, TEXAS—As the sun rises over the tallgrass prairie, one of the last wild Attwater's prairie chickens performs an unusual mating dance, called booming because of the low "woo woo" sounds the male emits. His neck and tail feathers stand erect, and he rapidly stamps his feet, turning 180 degrees. As females approach, he explodes in a dancing frenzy. This species of grouse is

critically endangered, with only 45 wild free-ranging birds known to exist; 38 are at the 10,528-acre Attwater Prairie Chicken National Wildlife Refuge, 50 miles west of Houston. On April 12 and 13, the refuge will let visitors get within 100 yards of the protected birds to see the bizarre and beautiful mating display. **BY WENDEE HOLTCAMP**

Encore

NEW ORLEANS—The Neville Brothers were the closing act for their hometown jazz festival for 21 years. But "Katrina messed up life for everybody," says Aaron Neville, who now lives near Nashville. "I couldn't go back, too many memories." This month, Aaron and his brothers Art, Charles and Cyril will reclaim their spot at New Orleans' Jazz & Heritage Festival, now in its 39th year (April 25-27, May 1-4). "It will always belong to me and I will always belong to it," Aaron says of the city. See www.nojazzfest.com BY JENNIFER MOSES

REGIS LEFEBURE (2); CORBIS; JOEL SARTORE; DOUGLAS MASON

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INTERVIEW

PATRICIA ZARADIC

CONSERVATION ECOLOGIST, PENNSYLVANIA

The trouble with "videophilia" BY MEGAN GAMBINO

PHOTOGRAPH BY THEO ANDERSON

NATURE JUST ISN'T as entertaining as it used to be, according to new research by Patricia Zaradic, an Environmental Leadership Program fellow in Bryn Mawr, and Oliver Pergams of the University of Illinois at Chicago. Their studies of Americans' recreational habits found a nearly 25 percent per capita decline in camping, fishing, hunting and visits to state and national parks since the mid-1980s.

YOU'VE COINED THE TERM "VIDEOPHILIA." WHAT IS IT? It's this increasing love and fascination that the American public has with electronic recreation—the Internet, e-mail, video games, DVDs, PDAs, podcasts.

HOW IS VIDEOPHILIA LINKED TO THE DECLINE IN OUTDOOR RECREATION? What culturally has changed in the United States since the mid-80s? It's the Internet and our use of all these electronic media. Either our increase in sedentary, electronic recreation is directly responsible for our not going out into nature, or whatever is causing us to be so engaged in electronic recreation is also causing the decline.

A PERSON ALSO EXPERIENCES THE WORLD THROUGH BOOKS—SAY, "BIBLIOPHILIA." PERHAPS THERE'S A -PHILIA FOR EVERY GENERATION. Maybe. But there were 50 years of increasing outdoor recreation prior to 1987. "Bibliophilia," "TVphilia" and the like may have been taking us away from some activities but not from nature.

IS THERE ANYTHING TO BE SAID FOR SUBSTITUTING AN ELECTRONIC OUTDOORS FOR THE REAL THING? A Web-cam view of the Grand Canyon isn't equivalent to standing amid all that majesty. If your primary relationship with nature is virtual, you may not realize how much of the experience you are missing and you might mistake the virtual for the real thing.

SOME MIGHT ARGUE IT'S NOT A BAD IDEA TO STAY INDOORS AND GIVE NATURE A BREAK. The thing about that argument is that there's no benign neglect of nature. Due to budget cuts, California is considering closing down access to some state parks. So that's the start of what happens when we're not going out into nature: access to public green spaces will be decreased.

HOW MIGHT VIDEOPHILIA AFFECT CONSERVATION EFFORTS? If people don't spend time with nature, they won't develop a relationship with it and be good stewards of it in the future. Going out into nature, particularly as a child, has the strongest impact on developing environmental consciousness as an adult.

DO YOU WALK THE TALK? I see huge benefits in my three young kids when we take them out for a couple of weeks on a canoe trip or other outdoor adventure without any electronic entertainment. They come back more well-centered, calm, able to focus on projects and work. My co-author, Oliver Pergams, also has three kids, and they spend July with no electronic anything at home. So we're pretty proactive. Parents might think, How can anything I provide compete with the Discovery Channel or "Meerkat Manor"? My advice: just get out into nature.

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Understand the risks. See the benefits.™

What should I know about NSAIDs?

When it comes to relieving arthritis pain, you may think some prescription NSAID pain relievers, like ibuprofen and naproxen, don't have any cardiovascular risks. But based on the available research, that's not clear. And if you look closer, the FDA requires all these prescription NSAID pain relievers, including Celebrex, to have the same cardiovascular warning about heart attack or stroke.

What about heart attack or stroke?

Any prescription NSAID, including Celebrex, may increase the chance of heart attack or stroke, which can lead to death. This chance increases if you have heart disease or risk factors for it, such as high blood pressure, or when NSAIDs are taken for long periods.

How do NSAIDs affect my stomach?

All prescription NSAIDs, including Celebrex, also increase the chance of stomach and intestine problems, such as bleeding and ulcers, which can occur without warning and may cause death. With any of these medicines, patients also taking aspirin and the elderly are at increased risk for stomach bleeding and ulcers.

What does this mean for Celebrex?

All prescription NSAIDs have some of the same warnings, and they all help treat arthritis pain. But since individual results may vary, having options is important. An NSAID, like Celebrex, may be one option.

You also may be surprised to learn, prescription Celebrex has never been taken off the market. Actually, based on the available data, the FDA stated that for certain patients Celebrex's benefits outweigh the risks. But only you and your doctor can make that decision.

What are the benefits?

Celebrex can be used with low-dose aspirin. Other prescription NSAIDs aren't generally recommended with aspirin. What's more, just one 200-mg dose provides 24-hour relief. And if you are concerned about stomach upset, you should know, in clinical studies, a lower percentage of patients taking Celebrex reported stomach discomfort, which includes indigestion, abdominal pain and nausea, versus prescription ibuprofen and naproxen.

What does it do for arthritis pain?

Celebrex relieves arthritis pain. It also relieves stiffness and inflammation associated with arthritis pain.

Any other precautions?

All NSAIDs, including Celebrex, should be used at the lowest dose possible, for the shortest time, based on your individual treatment goals. Do not take Celebrex if you're pregnant or have had allergic reactions to aspirin or sulfonamides. All NSAIDs, including Celebrex, increase the chance of serious skin reactions. And tell your doctor if you've had kidney or liver problems.

What next?

For many with arthritis pain, not treating is not an option. Talk to your doctor about Celebrex and see what's right for you.

Visit celebrex.com or call 1-888-celebrex. But most importantly, your doctor can tell you about the risks and benefits of all NSAID pain relievers.

Please turn page to see important information about Celebrex and other NSAIDs.

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

Talk to your doctor to... Understand the risks. See the

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Medication Guide
for Non-Steroidal Anti-Inflammatory Drugs (NSAIDs)

(See the end of this Medication Guide for a list of prescription NSAID medicines.)

What is the most important information I should know about medicines called Non-Steroidal Anti-Inflammatory Drugs (NSAIDs)?

NSAID medicines may increase the chance of a heart attack or stroke that can lead to death.

This chance increases:

- with longer use of NSAID medicines
- in people who have heart disease

NSAID medicines should never be used right before or after a heart surgery called a "coronary artery bypass graft (CABG)."

NSAID medicines can cause ulcers and bleeding in the stomach and intestines at any time during treatment. Ulcers and bleeding:

- can happen without warning symptoms
- may cause death

The chance of a person getting an ulcer or bleeding increases with:

- taking medicines called "corticosteroids" and "anticoagulants"
- longer use
- smoking
- drinking alcohol
- older age
- having poor health

NSAID medicines should only be used:

- exactly as prescribed
- at the lowest dose possible for your treatment
- for the shortest time needed

What are Non-Steroidal Anti-Inflammatory Drugs (NSAIDs)?

NSAID medicines are used to treat pain and redness, swelling, and heat (inflammation) from medical conditions such as:

- different types of arthritis
- menstrual cramps and other types of short-term pain

Who should not take a Non-Steroidal Anti-Inflammatory Drug (NSAID)?

Do not take an NSAID medicine:

- if you had an asthma attack, hives, or other allergic reaction with aspirin or any other NSAID medicine
- for pain right before or after heart bypass surgery

Tell your healthcare provider:

- about all of your medical conditions.
- about all of the medicines you take. NSAIDs and some other medicines can interact with each other and cause serious side effects. **Keep a list of your medicines to show to your healthcare provider and pharmacist.**
- if you are pregnant. **NSAID medicines should not be used by pregnant women late in their pregnancy.**
- if you are breastfeeding. **Talk to your doctor.**

What are the possible side effects of Non-Steroidal Anti-Inflammatory Drugs (NSAIDs)?

Serious side effects include:	**Other side effects include:**
• heart attack • stroke • high blood pressure • heart failure from body swelling (fluid retention) • kidney problems including kidney failure • bleeding and ulcers in the stomach and intestine • low red blood cells (anemia) • life-threatening skin reactions • life-threatening allergic reactions • liver problems including liver failure • asthma attacks in people who have asthma	• stomach pain • constipation • diarrhea • gas • heartburn • nausea • vomiting • dizziness

Get emergency help right away if you have any of the following symptoms:

- shortness of breath or trouble breathing
- chest pain
- weakness in one part or side of your body
- slurred speech
- swelling of the face or throat

Stop your NSAID medicine and call your healthcare provider right away if you have any of the following symptoms:

- nausea
- more tired or weaker than usual
- itching
- your skin or eyes look yellow
- stomach pain
- flu-like symptoms
- vomit blood
- there is blood in your bowel movement or it is black and sticky like tar
- skin rash or blisters with fever
- unusual weight gain
- swelling of the arms and legs, hands and feet

These are not all the side effects with NSAID medicines. Talk to your healthcare provider or pharmacist for more information about NSAID medicines.

Other information about Non-Steroidal Anti-Inflammatory Drugs (NSAIDs)

- Aspirin is an NSAID medicine but it does not increase the chance of a heart attack. Aspirin can cause bleeding in the brain, stomach, and intestines. Aspirin can also cause ulcers in the stomach and intestines.
- Some of these NSAID medicines are sold in lower doses without a prescription (over-the-counter). Talk to your healthcare provider before using over-the-counter NSAIDs for more than 10 days.

NSAID medicines that need a prescription

Generic Name	Tradename
Celecoxib	Celebrex
Diclofenac	Cataflam, Voltaren, Arthrotec (combined with misoprostol)
Diflunisal	Dolobid
Etodolac	Lodine, Lodine XL
Fenoprofen	Nalfon, Nalfon 200
Flurbiprofen	Ansaid
Ibuprofen	Motrin, Tab-Profen, Vicoprofen* (combined with hydrocodone), Combunox (combined with oxycodone)
Indomethacin	Indocin, Indocin SR, Indo-Lemmon, Indomethagan
Ketoprofen	Oruvail
Ketorolac	Toradol
Mefenamic Acid	Ponstel
Meloxicam	Mobic
Nabumetone	Relafen
Naproxen	Naprosyn, Anaprox, Anaprox DS, EC-Naproxyn, Naprelan, Naprapac (copackaged with lansoprazole)
Oxaprozin	Daypro
Piroxicam	Feldene
Sulindac	Clinoril
Tolmetin	Tolectin, Tolectin DS, Tolectin 600

*Vicoprofen contains the same dose of ibuprofen as over-the-counter (OTC) NSAIDs, and is usually used for less than 10 days to treat pain. The OTC NSAID label warns that long term continuous use may increase the risk of heart attack or stroke.

This Medication Guide has been approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

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Around the Mall

SCENES AND SIGHTINGS FROM THE SMITHSONIAN MUSEUMS AND BEYOND

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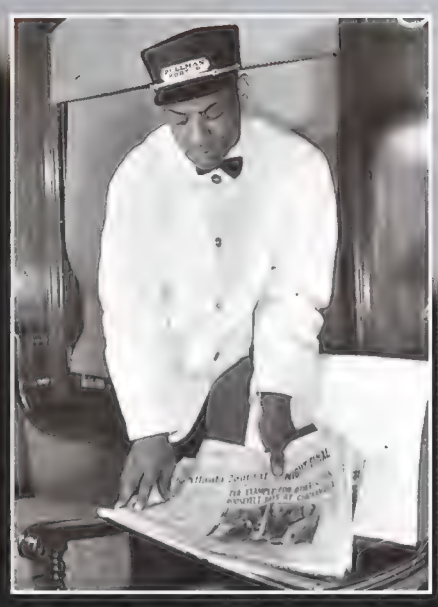
TIM KLEIN; (INSET) MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE / TIME LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES



HATS OFF

WHAT PERSONAL KEEPSAKES REVEAL ABOUT AFRICAN-AMERICAN HISTORY

PAGE 36

A hat once worn by a Pullman sleeping-car porter, an African-American livelihood (inset: 1938).

FROM THE CASTLE

Hello? *Hello?*

BY CRISTIÁN SAMPER

IN ALL LIKELIHOOD, we are not alone. Astronomers are quite certain there is no intelligent life elsewhere in our solar system, but given recent discoveries of nearly 300 "extrasolar" planets, there's an excellent chance life exists elsewhere in our galaxy. But can we find it? Smithsonian astrophysicist Daniel Fabricant explains: "You need to first discover a rocky planet like Earth, with temperatures to sustain oceans of liquid water, revolving around a nearby star in the Milky Way." The known planets outside our solar system are typically like Jupiter, gaseous giants lacking a solid surface and surely inhospitable to life.

I recently returned from northern Chile's Las Campanas Observatory, which is operated by the Carnegie Institution. Thanks to clear skies, calm air and sufficient distance from city lights, it is an ideal place for astronomers to study the universe. With 21-foot-diameter mirrors, the observatory's Magellan Telescopes peer out at galaxies and supernovae, while new instruments analyze the spectral composition of light from galaxies billions of light-years away.

Most extrasolar planets have been revealed by observing their host star, or sun. An orbiting planet's gravity tugs on the star, causing it to wobble. Unlike planets, most stars are visible from great distances, so even a tiny wobble—or the minute dimming of the star as an orbiting planet passes in front of it—can be detected by highly sophisticated instruments. No direct photograph of an extrasolar planet orbiting a sun-like star exists.

Will astronomers' search for planets outside our solar system also find life?

That will change. With an 80-foot-diameter mirror, a new Giant Magellan Telescope (GMT) will have the resolution needed to photograph young Earth-like planets when they are forming around a star and are still hot enough to be visible. Planned for Las Campanas in about a decade's time, the GMT will collect ten times the light of today's Magellan Telescopes and will possess more precise instruments to detect stars wobbling in synchrony with orbiting Earth-like planets.

The Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is joining a consortium comprising Carnegie and other research institutions and universities to help lead this great 21st-century adventure. With both private and government funding, the consortium will design and build the GMT, at a projected cost of $600 million. It should be able to locate other potentially habitable planets and help us understand how they were formed. "If this grand endeavor is successful," Fabricant says, "we may find a dozen Earth-like planets less than 50 light-years away—possibly our best hope for discovering life elsewhere in the universe."

CRISTIÁN SAMPER *is Acting Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.*

See artist renderings of the Giant Magellan Telescope at Smithsonian.com/castle

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BURIED TREASURE

A CLARION CALL FROM THE NEW AFRICAN AMERICAN HISTORY MUSEUM: WHAT'S IN YOUR ATTIC?

The hat was the "treasure of treasures," director Lonnie Bunch told Patricia Heaston (left: in Chicago), who later donated it.

SUPERFICIALLY, IT WAS A HAT: worn, discolored, mundane. It once belonged to a Pullman Company sleeping-car porter, an African-American man—the headpiece to a pristine white uniform. Patricia Heaston got it from a friend, whose father was a porter, more than 30 years ago. Heaston, a clinical psychologist, obsessively collected such keepsakes for decades to better understand how black children develop their self-image. This past January, she brought the porter's hat to the National Museum of African American History and Culture's inaugural collections initiative, held at the Chicago Public Library.

The presentation of the cap inspired an excited, impromptu explanation of the occupation's impact on African-Americans. "The story of the Pullman car porters is the key to many things," said Jacquelyn Serwer, the museum's chief curator. It's a story that begins with social mobility; in the 1920s, when the Pullman Company was the largest employer of African-American men in the country, the occupation represented a relatively high-paying, respectable job—albeit one with inequities. The porters had to pay for their own meals and uniforms, which in 1925 led to the formation of the first African-American labor union, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. The train attendants were instrumental in other ways. "They could bring back stories to give people a sense of the bigger world available to them," Serwer said. "And because they provided the information that stimulated people to make the move from the South to the North, they were important to the Great Migration."

"In some ways, the little object allows us to tell the great story," said Lonnie Bunch, the museum's founding director. To find such things, he created "Save Our African American Treasures," an enterprising call for families nationwide to ransack attics and basements for historical heirlooms. The initiative has two goals: raising awareness that everyday items gathering dust in people's homes could be crucial to telling the story of African-Americans to future generations; and teaching basic preservation techniques. The museum is planning similar events in Atlanta, Los Angeles, New York City and Washington, D.C.

In Chicago, more than 150 people brought myriad mementos (quilts, Bibles, irons, bank documents and dolls) for Smithsonian conservators to review. Most of the items returned home, but a few will be considered for exhibits at the museum when it opens in 2015.

At the event, an attempt at delicateness quickly gave way to excitement as Bunch removed the Pullman porter's hat from the acid-free tissue paper in which a senior Smithsonian textiles conservator had wrapped it. It was a white hat, a particularly significant commodity, which meant that its owner had tended to prominent guests (perhaps even presidents) on a private train car. "This is the treasure of treasures," Bunch told Heaston, before asking whether she'd consider donating it to the museum. She proved an easy sell: "I'm not going to [unwrap it] until it goes to Washington," she said afterward. JOSH SCHOLLMEYER

MAKING HISTORY

WHERE ANIMALS ROAM

Like paparazzi snapping covert pictures of celebrities, a series of hidden cameras will soon be capturing images of red foxes, long-tailed weasels and white-tailed deer along the Appalachian Trail—the footpath that stretches 2,175 miles from Georgia to Maine. At night, the 50 heat- and motion-triggered cameras will photograph animals lured by scents used by trappers. Starting in April, for the second year, Smithsonian ecologist William McShea will oversee more than 100 volunteers, who will set up the cameras at predetermined points over a 575-mile stretch of the trail. McShea, who has been using the candid-camera technique in a bamboo forest in a continuing study in China since 2001, wants to see how this summer's images compare to the nearly 2,000 pictures taken on the trail last summer. "Coyotes, bobcats and black bear were surprisingly plentiful," he says. McShea, who hopes to eventually survey the entire trail, won't be able to determine the precise number of animals roaming the area (the same raccoon, for example, could be mugging for several shots). Results, however, could speak to the effects of human encroachment on animal habitats. JEANNE MAGLATY

Check out more of McShea's candid critter shots at Smithsonian.com/mcshea

TIM KLEIN; WILLIAM MCSHEA / NZP, SI

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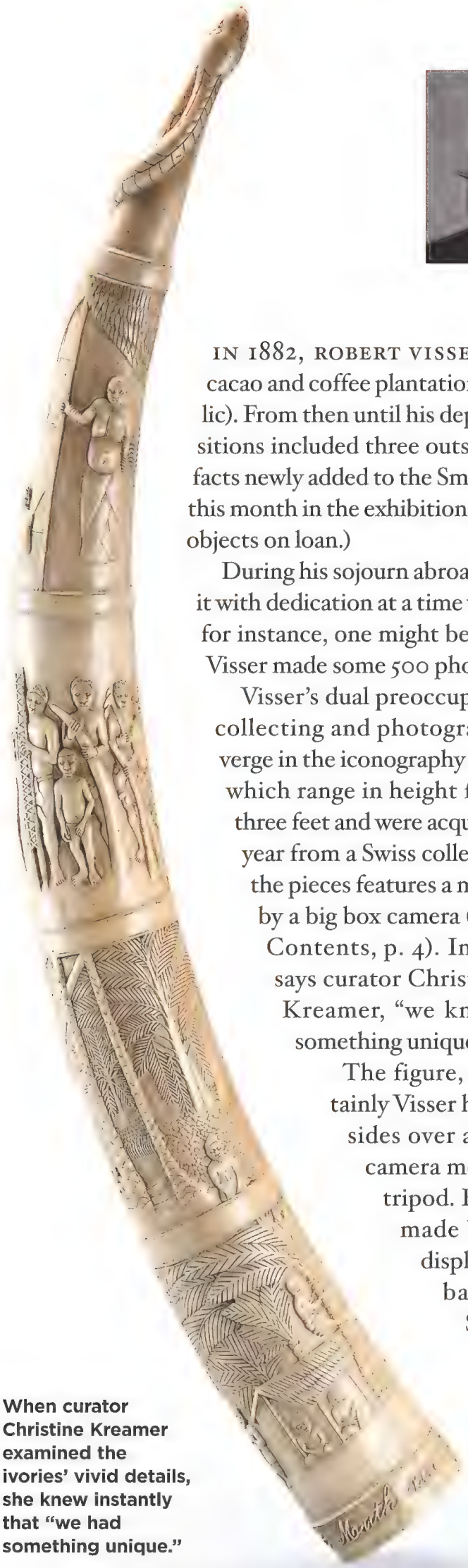
THE OBJECT AT HAND

Incised Ivories

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AFRICAN ART



When curator Christine Kreamer examined the ivories' vivid details, she knew instantly that "we had something unique."

SPIRALS OF HISTORY

Hand-carved elephant tusks tell the story of life in the Congolese colonies of the late 1800s

BY OWEN EDWARDS

IN 1882, ROBERT VISSER, a German merchant who had been offered an opportunity to manage cacao and coffee plantations, traveled to central Africa's Loango Coast (in present-day Congo Republic). From then until his departure 22 years later, Visser avidly collected African art. His notable acquisitions included three outstanding examples of the region's intricately carved elephant tusks—artifacts newly added to the Smithsonian's National Museum of African Art. (Two of the ivories go on view this month in the exhibition "Treasures 2008," a sampling of works from the museum, supplemented by objects on loan.)

During his sojourn abroad, Visser, who was largely self-educated, took up photography and pursued it with dedication at a time when using an unwieldy camera under difficult conditions (in places where, for instance, one might become a lion's lunch) required as much toil as technique. While in Africa, Visser made some 500 photographs.

Visser's dual preoccupations—art collecting and photography—converge in the iconography of the tusks, which range in height from two to three feet and were acquired late last year from a Swiss collector. One of the pieces features a man standing by a big box camera (see Table of Contents, p. 4). Immediately, says curator Christine Mullen Kreamer, "we knew we had something unique."

Robert Visser (top) braved hardship in the bush to photograph 19th-century Africa (above: bearers hoisting elephant tusks).

The figure, almost certainly Visser himself, presides over a large-view camera mounted on a tripod. Each of the Visser ivories, moreover, features scenes that echo pictures made by Visser—a couple seated in a thatched-roof hut; African hunters displaying elephant tusks. One of the tusks contains a telling inscription at its base: "Mit Muth nur Kraft R Visser"—Only With Courage Is There Strength, R Visser.

The master artisans who created these pieces, says Kreamer, included various coastal peoples of the region, well-versed in a "long tradition of carving, mainly in wood." Among them were the Vili, who traditionally hunted elephants (the meat was a dietary staple). After the Portuguese arrived in the region toward the end of the 1400s, ivory tusks began to be exported, eventually for use in products such as piano keys and billiard balls. For travelers, missionaries and foreign workers in the rub-

See more of the Visser ivories and his photographs at Smithsonian.com/visser

VISSER FAMILY (VISSER); FRANKO KHOURY / NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AFRICAN ART, SI; NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AFRICAN ART, SI

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ber and cacao trades, elephant tusks became souvenirs of choice.

"Ivories had been a symbol of prestige among the Vili, who were the *primo* elephant hunters in that part of the continent," says Kreamer. "But tribal tusks weren't necessarily elaborately carved." Beginning in the 1830s, finely worked tusks, often commissioned by foreigners, began to appear. These, Kreamer adds, tended "to depict genre scenes in a highly naturalistic way—local trades, workers, scenes of struggle, animals, ritual activities. Often there would be a commissioned inscription as well, such as 'Memories of Savage Africa.'"

Ultimately, of course, the appetite for ivory spelled doom for Africa's elephant herds. In an attempt to curb the slaughter, an international ban on the sale of new ivory was imposed in 1989. (The ban does not apply to antique ivory objects.) At first, the restrictions proved largely successful. Today, however, a worldwide market for new ivory trinkets, readily available on the Internet, has surged. Estimates from the Center for Conservation Biology at the University of Washington suggest that in 2006 alone, poachers smuggled 240 tons of ivory out of Africa, an amount corresponding to the destruction of 24,000 elephants.

Visser's 19th-century tusks document a vanished world and reveal, says Kreamer, a wealth of information about the flora, fauna and clothing of the time. The pieces also offer a sense of the complex interactions among Africans and Europeans—including the more brutal aspects, such as chaining workers together in forced labor. Each tusk bears a distinctive carved band, twining from base to tip and connecting scenes and characters. This defining motif caused Kreamer and her colleagues to create the term now used to describe Loango ivories in general (and this trio in particular): "spirals of history."

OWEN EDWARDS *is a freelance writer and author of the book* Elegant Solutions.

Q&A

Native American performance artist **JAMES LUNA** is known for pushing boundaries in his installations, where he engages audiences by making himself part of a tableau. His latest piece is at the Smithsonian's Gustav Heye Center in New York City through April 20. Luna spoke with the magazine's Kenneth R. Fletcher.

YOU'VE BEEN CALLED "ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS INDIANS ALIVE." WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY? Well, at times the message can be potent. One of my subjects is ethnic identity—how people perceive us and how we perceive ourselves. Not everybody can talk about that, so I guess that makes me a dangerous character.

WHY DO YOU MAKE YOURSELF THE SUBJECT OF YOUR ART? Because I know myself better than I know anything else. How do you talk about things like intercultural identity? Do you talk about it in third person? If you sacrifice yourself, so to speak, it becomes more dynamic. I like to think that in my work I'm talking about something I know because I've lived it, as opposed to something that I read about.

WHAT ROLE DOES THE AUDIENCE PLAY IN YOUR PERFORMANCES? I involve the audience. People give you control of their imagination. I can have them outraged one moment and crying the next. That's the power the audience gives you. It's knowing that and knowing how to use it effectively.

TELL ME ABOUT YOUR LATEST WORK, "*EMENDATIO*" [LATIN FOR *EMENDATION, OR CORRECTION*], WHICH PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE 19TH-CENTURY NATIVE AMERICAN PABLO TAC? Tac took the perceptions of our culture from being looked at as spear-chuckers to linguists. How many people knew that we had this person who trained in the ministry of the Catholic Church in Rome, who started to devise our own alphabet and wrote stories from an Indian point of view? Today, we're looking to recapture our language. That's a key to any culture and it will make us stronger. That's one of the first things that we were denied, our language and religion.

Visit Smithsonian.com/luna to read more of our interview with James Luna

JUKEBOX

YOUNG TALENT Poet Langston Hughes was "discovered" in 1925 while working as a busboy in a Washington, D.C. restaurant. He slipped some of his poems next to poet Vachel Lindsay's dinner plate and, with Lindsay's enthusiastic backing, went on to become a celebrated documenter of the African-American experience. He died in 1967. Hughes' earliest poems were short verses he penned for the *Belfry Owl*, his high-school magazine. He recited them for a children's collection released as an album in 1955. Hear him celebrate spring's soggy showers in "April Rain Song," along with other works from his teenage years, at Smithsonian.com/jukebox. BY KENNETH R. FLETCHER

KATHERINE FOGDEN / NMAI, SI; ESTATE OF FRED STEIN / ARS, NY / ART RESOURCE, NY

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Lunesta helps you fall asleep quickly, so take it right before bed. Be sure you have at least eight hours to devote to sleep before becoming active. Until you know how you'll react to Lunesta, you should not drive or operate machinery. Do not take Lunesta with alcohol. Call your doctor right away if after taking Lunesta you walk, drive, eat or engage in other activities while asleep. In rare cases severe allergic reactions can occur. Most sleep medicines carry some risk of dependency. Side effects may include unpleasant taste, headache, drowsiness and dizziness. You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088. See important patient information on the next page.

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Lunesta™ (eszopiclone)

1, 2 AND 3 MG TABLETS

Please read this summary of information about LUNESTA before you talk to your doctor or start using LUNESTA. It is not meant to take the place of your doctor's instructions. If you have any questions about LUNESTA tablets, be sure to ask your doctor or pharmacist.

LUNESTA is used to treat different types of sleep problems, such as difficulty in falling asleep, difficulty in maintaining sleep during the night, and waking up too early in the morning. Most people with insomnia have more than one of these problems. You should take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed because of the risk of falling.

LUNESTA belongs to a group of medicines known as "hypnotics" or, simply, sleep medicines. There are many different sleep medicines available to help people sleep better. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent. It usually requires treatment for only a short time, usually 7 to 10 days up to 2 weeks. If your insomnia does not improve after 7 to 10 days of treatment, see your doctor, because it may be a sign of an underlying condition. Some people have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. However, you should not use these medicines for long periods without talking with your doctor about the risks and benefits of prolonged use.

Side Effects

All medicines have side effects. The most common side effects of sleep medicines are:

- Drowsiness
- Dizziness
- Lightheadedness
- Difficulty with coordination

Sleep medicines can make you sleepy during the day. How drowsy you feel depends upon how your body reacts to the medicine, which sleep medicine you are taking, and how large a dose your doctor has prescribed. Daytime drowsiness is best avoided by taking the lowest dose possible that will still help you sleep at night. Your doctor will work with you to find the dose of LUNESTA that is best for you. Some people taking LUNESTA have reported next-day sleepiness.

To manage these side effects while you are taking this medicine:

- When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
- Do not drink alcohol when you are taking LUNESTA or any sleep medicine. Alcohol can increase the side effects of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
- Do not take any other medicines without asking your doctor first. This includes medicines you can buy without a prescription. Some medicines can cause drowsiness and are best avoided while taking LUNESTA.
- Always take the exact dose of LUNESTA prescribed by your doctor. Never change your dose without talking to your doctor first.

Special Concerns

There are some special problems that may occur while taking sleep medicines.

Memory Problems

Sleep medicines may cause a special type of memory loss or "amnesia." When this occurs, a person may not remember what has happened for several hours after taking the medicine. This is usually not a problem since most people fall asleep after taking the medicine. Memory loss can be a problem, however, when sleep medicines are taken while traveling, such as during an airplane flight and the person wakes up before the effect of the medicine is gone. This has been called "traveler's amnesia." Memory problems have been reported rarely by patients taking LUNESTA in clinical studies. In most cases, memory problems can be avoided if you take LUNESTA only when you are able to get a full night of sleep before you need to be active again. Be sure to talk to your doctor if you think you are having memory problems.

Tolerance

When sleep medicines are used every night for more than a few weeks, they may lose their effectiveness in helping you sleep. This is known as "tolerance." Development of tolerance to LUNESTA was not observed in a clinical study of 6 months' duration. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent, and prolonged use of sleep medicines is generally not necessary. Some people, though, have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. If your sleep problems continue, consult your doctor, who will determine whether other measures are needed to overcome your sleep problems.

Dependence

Sleep medicines can cause dependence in some people, especially when these medicines are used regularly for longer than a few weeks or at high doses. Dependence is the need to continue taking a medicine because stopping it is unpleasant.

When people develop dependence, stopping the medicine suddenly may cause unpleasant symptoms (see *Withdrawal* below). They may find they have to keep taking the medicine either at the prescribed dose or at increasing doses just to avoid withdrawal symptoms.

All people taking sleep medicines have some risk of becoming dependent on the medicine. However, people who have been dependent on alcohol or other drugs in the past may have a higher chance of becoming addicted to sleep medicines. This possibility must be considered before using these medicines for more than a few weeks. If you have been addicted to alcohol or drugs in the past, it is important to tell your doctor before starting LUNESTA or any sleep medicine.

Withdrawal

Withdrawal symptoms may occur when sleep medicines are stopped suddenly after being used daily for a long time. In some cases, these symptoms can occur even if the medicine has been used for only a week or two. In mild cases, withdrawal symptoms may include unpleasant feelings. In more severe cases, abdominal and muscle cramps, vomiting, sweating, shakiness, and, rarely, seizures may occur. These more severe withdrawal symptoms are very uncommon. Although withdrawal symptoms have not been observed in the relatively limited controlled trials experience with LUNESTA, there is, nevertheless, the risk of such events in association with the use of any sleep medicine.

Another problem that may occur when sleep medicines are stopped is known as "rebound insomnia." This means that a person may have more trouble sleeping the first few nights after the medicine is stopped than before starting the medicine. If you should experience rebound insomnia, do not get discouraged. This problem usually goes away on its own after 1 or 2 nights.

If you have been taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for more than 1 or 2 weeks, do not stop taking it on your own. Always follow your doctor's directions.

Changes In Behavior And Thinking

Some people using sleep medicines have experienced unusual changes in their thinking and/or behavior. These effects are not common. However, they have included:

- More outgoing or aggressive behavior than normal
- Confusion
- Strange behavior
- Agitation
- Hallucinations
- Worsening of depression
- Suicidal thoughts

How often these effects occur depends on several factors, such as a person's general health, the use of other medicines, and which sleep medicine is being used. Clinical experience with LUNESTA suggests that it is rarely associated with these behavior changes.

It is also important to realize it is rarely clear whether these behavior changes are caused by the medicine, are caused by an illness, or have occurred on their own. In fact, sleep problems that do not improve may be due to illnesses that were present before the medicine was used. If you or your family notice any changes in your behavior, or if you have any unusual or disturbing thoughts, call your doctor immediately.

Pregnancy And Breastfeeding

Sleep medicines may cause sedation or other potential effects in the unborn baby when used during the last weeks of pregnancy. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, or if you become pregnant while taking LUNESTA.

In addition, a very small amount of LUNESTA may be present in breast milk after use of the medication. The effects of very small amounts of LUNESTA on an infant are not known; therefore, as with all other prescription sleep medicines, it is recommended that you not take LUNESTA if you are breast-feeding a baby.

Safe Use Of Sleep Medicines

To ensure the safe and effective use of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, you should observe the following cautions:

1. LUNESTA is a prescription medicine and should be used ONLY as directed by your doctor. Follow your doctor's instructions about how to take, when to take, and how long to take LUNESTA.
2. Never use LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for longer than directed by your doctor.
3. If you notice any unusual and/or disturbing thoughts or behavior during treatment with LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, contact your doctor.
4. Tell your doctor about any medicines you may be taking, including medicines you may buy without a prescription and herbal preparations. You should also tell your doctor if you drink alcohol. DO NOT use alcohol while taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
5. Do not take LUNESTA unless you are able to get 8 or more hours of sleep before you must be active again.
6. Do not increase the prescribed dose of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine unless instructed by your doctor.
7. When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
8. Be aware that you may have more sleeping problems the first night or two after stopping any sleep medicine.
9. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, if you become pregnant, or if you are breastfeeding a baby while taking LUNESTA.
10. As with all prescription medicines, never share LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine with anyone else. Always store LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine in the original container and out of reach of children.
11. Be sure to tell your doctor if you suffer from depression.
12. LUNESTA works very quickly. You should only take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed.
13. For LUNESTA to work best, you should not take it with or immediately after a high-fat, heavy meal.
14. Some people, such as older adults (i.e., ages 65 and over) and people with liver disease, should start with the lower dose (1 mg) of LUNESTA. Your doctor may choose to start therapy at 2 mg. In general, adults under age 65 should be treated with 2 or 3 mg.
15. Each tablet is a single dose; do not crush or break the tablet.

Note: This summary provides important information about LUNESTA. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the Prescribing Information and then discuss it with him or her.

Rx only

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What's Up

BUST A MOVE

Dancer Chita Rivera still performs in her 70s (*Chita in Silhouette*, 2005). "The Dancer Within," a traveling exhibit of 48 photos by Rose Eichenbaum, is at the Ypsilanti District Library in Michigan, April 5 through June 1.

TEPEE ARTISTRY

"Always Becoming," by Pueblo artist Nora Naranjo-Morse, was chosen from more than 55 entries as the winner of the outdoor sculpture competition at the American Indian Museum, where it's now on display.

OLD MONEY

The ancient Greeks minted coins with symbols of power (like this one featuring Zeus). See "Classically Greek: Coins and Banknotes From Antiquity to Today" at the Smithsonian Castle till June 1.

WEST MEETS EAST

The profound influence of Asian art on James Whistler is seen in paintings such as this 1864 portrait of a woman wearing a kimono, now on display with 22 of his other works at the Freer Gallery.

FLAUNTING IT

Rococo style—exuberant, opulent and theatrical—originated in 18th-century Paris (a c. 1735 console table). Track its evolution at the Cooper-Hewitt in New York City through July 6.

BY KENNETH R. FLETCHER

RIPLEY CENTER, SI; ROSE EICHENBAUM / SITES; ERNEST AMOROSO / NMAI, SI; JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER, 1864, "CAPRICE IN PURPLE AND GOLD: THE GOLDEN SCREEN" / FREER GALLERY, SI; MATT FLYNN / COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, SI

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For an insider's look at the Smithsonian, visit Smithsonian.com/mallblog

Smithsonian
APRIL 2008 · VOLUME 39, NUMBER 1

TO CLARIFY OUR VIEW of outer space, astronomers use a new laser-based technology (seen from inside a Keck telescope dome). It has revealed the power of our galaxy's black hole.

HOMING IN ON BLACK HOLES

To gain insight into the most mysterious objects in the universe, astronomers shine a light at the chaotic core of our own Milky Way

BY ROBERT IRION

FROM THE SUMMIT of Mauna Kea, nearly 14,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean, the Milky Way tilts luminously across the night sky, an edge-on view of our galaxy. Parts of the great disk are obscured by dust, and beyond one of those dusty blots, near the teapot of the constellation Sagittarius, lies the center of the Milky Way. Hidden there is a deeply mysterious structure around which more than 200 billion stars revolve.

Behind me atop the craggy rocks of this dormant volcano on the island of Hawaii are the twin domes of the W. M. Keck Observatory. Each dome houses a telescope with a giant mirror that is almost 33 feet wide and, like a fly's eye, is made of interlocking segments. The mirrors are among the world's largest for gathering starlight, and one of the telescopes has been equipped with a dazzling new tool that greatly increases its power. Fewer than 100 people have seen this technology in action. I gaze at the nearest of the Milky Way's graceful spiral arms as I wait for technicians to flip the switch.

Then, suddenly and with the faint click of a

shutter sliding open, a golden-orange laser beam shoots into the sky from the open dome. The ray of light, 18 inches wide, appears to end inside one of the blackest spots in the Milky Way. It actually ends 55 miles above the surface of the earth. The signal it makes there allows the telescope to compensate for the blur of Earth's atmosphere. Instead of jittery pictures smeared by the constantly shifting rivers of air over our heads, the telescope produces images as clear as any obtained by satellites in space. Keck was one of the first observatories to be outfitted with a laser guide; now half a dozen others are beginning to use them. The technology provides astronomers with a sharp view of the galaxy's core, where stars are packed as tightly as a summer swarm of gnats and swirl around the darkest place of all: a giant black hole.

Without question, the Milky Way's black hole is the strangest thing in our galaxy—a three-dimensional cavity in space just ten times the physical size of our sun but with four million times the mass, a virtual bottomless pit from which nothing can escape. Every major galaxy, it turns out, has a black hole at its core. Now, for the first time, scientists have the chance to study the havoc these mind-boggling entities wreak. For the next decade, Keck astronomers will track thousands of stars caught in the gravity of the Milky Way's black hole. They will try to figure out how stars are born close to the black hole and how it distorts the fabric of space itself. "I find it amazing that we can see stars whipping around our galaxy's black hole," says Taft Armandroff, director of the Keck Observatory. "If you had told me as a graduate student that I'd see that during my career, I'd have said it was science fiction."

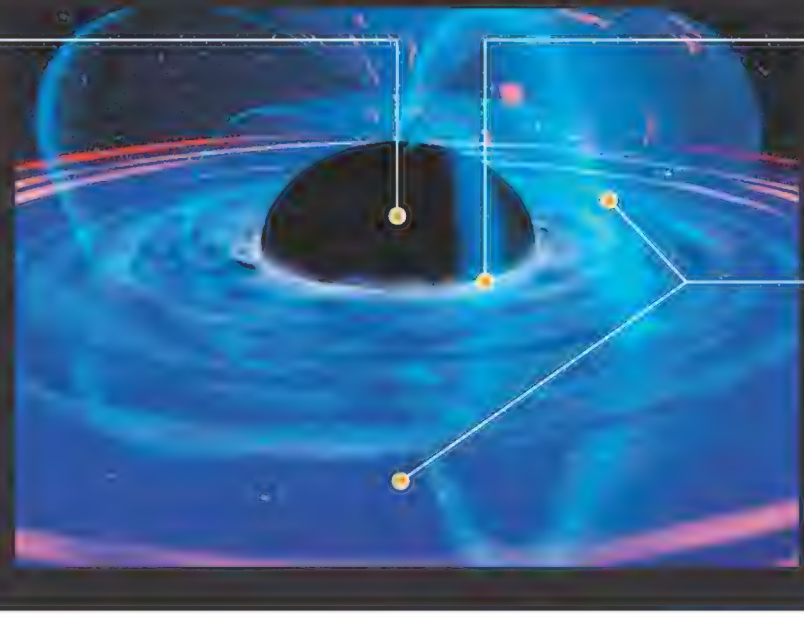
To be sure, the evidence for black holes is entirely indirect; astronomers have never actually seen one. Albert Einstein's general theory of relativity predicted that the gravity of an extremely dense body could bend a ray of light so severely that it could not escape. Something the mass of our sun, for instance, could trap light if it shrank into a ball just one and a half miles across. For Earth to become a black hole, its entire mass would have to fit into a sphere no bigger than a pea.

In 1939, J. Robert Oppenheimer and another physicist calculated that such drastic compression could happen to the biggest stars after they ran out of hydrogen and other fuel. Once the stars sputtered out, the scientists posited, the remaining gas would collapse under its own gravity into an infinitely dense point. Telescope observations backed up the theory in the 1960s and 1970s. Astronomers discovered quasars—extremely bright beacons billions of light-years away. A few researchers suggested the only possible power source for something so luminous would be a concentration of millions of suns in a small volume—pulled together by what scientists later dubbed a supermassive black hole. Astronomers then found stars that seemed to whip around invisible companions in our Milky Way, and they concluded that only the pull of gravity from small black holes could keep the stars in such tight orbits. Containing several times the mass of our sun, these are called stellar-mass black holes.

The Hubble Space Telescope added to the evidence for black holes in the 1990s by measuring how quickly the innermost parts of other galaxies rotate—up to 1.1 million miles per hour in big galaxies. The startling speeds pointed to cores containing up to a billion times the mass of the sun. The discovery that supermassive black holes are at the core of most, if not all, galaxies was one of Hubble's greatest achievements. "At the beginning of the Hubble survey, I would have said black holes are rare, maybe one galaxy in 10 or 100, and that something went wrong in the history of that galaxy," says Hubble scientist Douglas Richstone of the University of Michigan. "Now we've shown they are stan-

ANATOMY OF A BLACK HOLE

Though no one has ever seen a black hole, the effects of its gravitational pull are visible across the universe.

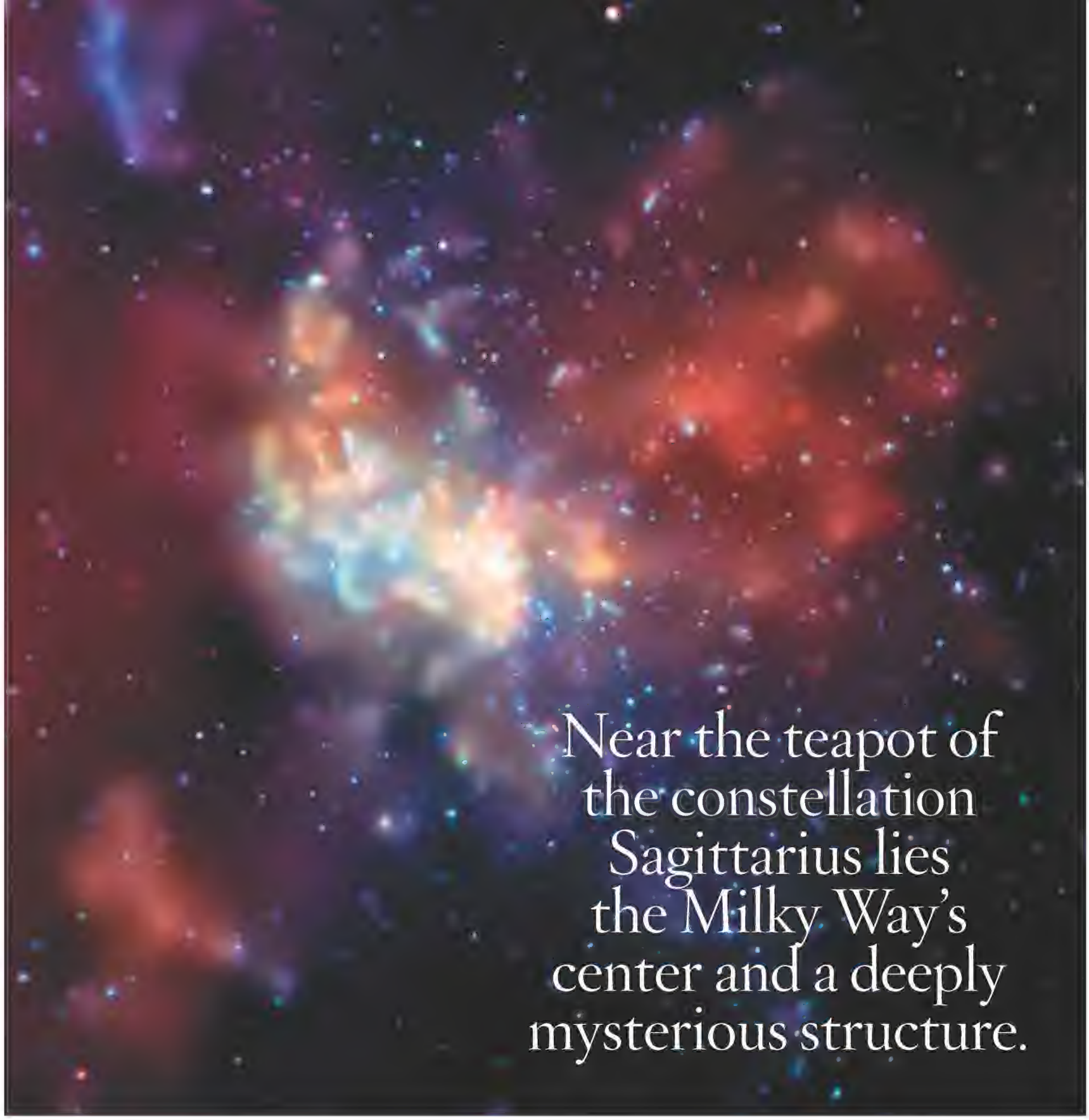


SINGULARITY
The center of a black hole, called a singularity, is infinitely dense. Nothing, not even light, can escape its gravity—making it impossible to observe directly. What happens to all the space dust, planets and even stars that are pulled into the black hole's singularity? "The ultimate fate is not known," says astrophysicist Avi Loeb.

EVENT HORIZON
The edge of a black hole, or its event horizon, is where the gravity becomes strong enough to hold light.

ACCRETION DISK
The gas and dust and other matter that are drawn toward a black hole form an accretion disk. The matter heats up as it spirals toward the event horizon, radiating X-rays that reveal the black hole's location and mass.

NASA / SCIENCE PHOTO LIBRARY / PHOTO RESEARCHERS; PP. 44-45 LAURIE HATCH



MARSHALL SPACE FLIGHT CENTER / NASA

OUR GALAXY'S black hole emits X-rays (made visible here in an image from the Chandra satellite telescope) as matter swirls toward it.

dard equipment. It's the most remarkable thing."

Even from Hubble, though, the Milky Way's core remained elusive. If our galaxy harbored a supermassive black hole, it was quiet, lacking the belches of energy seen from others. Hubble, scheduled to be serviced later this year, can track groups of stars near the centers of distant galaxies, but because of its narrow angle of view and our galaxy's thick dust clouds, it can't take the same pictures in our galaxy. Another approach would be to track individual stars in the black hole's vicinity using infrared light, which travels through dust, but the stars were too faint and too crowded for most ground-based telescopes to resolve. Still, some astronomers in the 1990s ventured that observations of the Milky Way's core might be possible, proving beyond doubt that a black hole exists there. A number of tantalizing questions could then be addressed: How do stars live and die in that wild setting? What does a black hole consume? And can we witness, at the heart of the Milky Way, the warped space and time predicted by Einstein nearly a century ago?

THE KECK CONTROL ROOM is 20 miles from the telescope, in the ranching town of Waimea. To the researchers there, the spectacular laser is visible only as a wan beam in a live video feed on a computer monitor. The astronomers check their notebooks and watch screens full of telescope data, weather readings and the latest picture of the stars they're targeting. They use a video link to talk to the telescope operator, who will spend all night at the summit. Things are going so smoothly that there isn't much to do. The telescope will stay locked on the same spot in the sky

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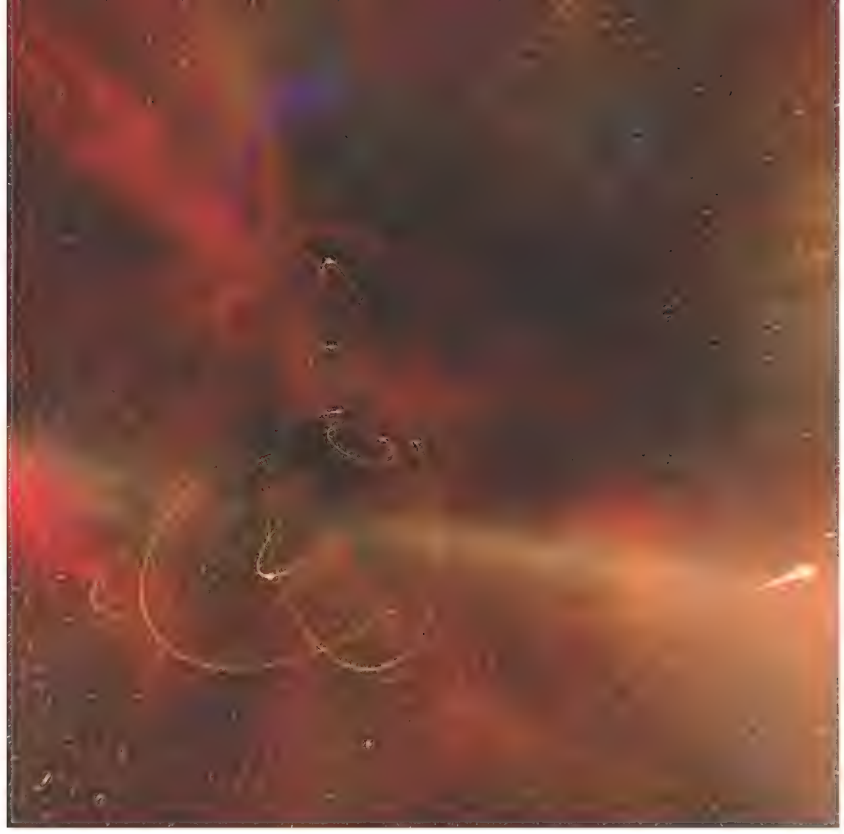
ROBERT IRION *directs the University of California at Santa Cruz science-writing program and wrote about planets in October 2006.*



"It was clear there were a few stars that were just hauling," Ghez recalls. "Clearly, they were extremely close to the center."

for four hours; the laser's working fine, and a camera attached to the telescope takes one 15-minute exposure after another in an automated sequence. "This is just about the dullest kind of observing there is," University of California at Los Angeles astronomer Mark Morris says apologetically.

Even so, there's tension in the room. This team of astronomers, led by Andrea Ghez of UCLA, is in a heated competition with astronomers at the Max Planck Institute for Extraterrestrial Physics in Garching, Germany. For more than a decade, Garching astrophysicist Reinhard Genzel and his colleagues have studied the black hole at the center of the Milky Way using the New Technology Telescope and the Very Large Telescope array in Chile. Ghez, 42, pushes her students to get the most out of each observation session at Keck. Four years ago she was elected to the National Academy of Sciences—quite an honor for someone still in her 30s. "It's easy to be at the forefront of astronomy if you have access to the best telescopes in the world," she says.

Several years ago the American and the German teams independently deduced that only a giant black hole could explain the behaviors of stars at the Milky Way's core. Stars circling a hefty mass—whether a black hole or some large star—travel through space much faster than those circling a smaller mass. In visual terms, the larger mass creates a deeper funnel in the fabric of space around which the stars revolve; like leaves circling a whirlpool, the deeper the whirl- pool, the faster the leaves spin. Other astronomers had seen fast-moving stars and clouds of gas near the center of the Milky Way, so both Ghez and Genzel suspected a dense cluster of matter was hidden from view.

ANDREA GHEZ (at the Keck control center) tracks the orbits (top left) of stars near the Milky Way's central black hole. "It's hard to believe black holes exist," she says. "It's such an exotic state of the universe."

By painstakingly compiling infrared photographs taken months and years apart, the two teams tracked the innermost stars, those within one light-month of the galaxy's center. Combined, the images are like time-lapse movies of the stars' motions. "Early on, it was clear there were a few stars that were just hauling," Ghez recalls. "Clearly, they were extremely close to the center." Something was trapping the stars in a deep whirlpool. A black hole made the most sense.

The clincher came in 2002, when both teams sharpened their images using adaptive optics, technology that compensates for the atmosphere's blur. The scientists followed stars that orbit perilously close to the galaxy's center and found that the fastest star's top speed was 3 percent of the speed of light—about 20 million miles per hour. That's a startling speed for a globe of gas far bigger than our sun, and it convinced even the skeptics that a supermassive black hole was responsible.

LEFT: BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS / DENVER MUSEUM OF NATURE & SCIENCE

PP. 48-49 LUCY PEMONI / GETTY IMAGES

THE BLUR OF EARTH'S atmosphere has plagued telescope users since Galileo's first studies of Jupiter and Saturn nearly 400 years ago. Looking at a star through air is like looking at a penny on the bottom of a swimming pool. Air currents make the starlight jitter back and forth, just as a penny's image seems to dart around the pool's bottom.

In the 1990s, engineers learned to erase the distortions with a technology called adaptive optics. They had computers analyze the jittering pattern of incoming starlight on a millisecond by millisecond basis, and used those calculations to drive a set of pistons on the back of a thin and pliable mirror. The pistons flexed the mirror hundreds of times each second, adjusting the surface to counteract the distortions and form a sharp central point instead of a fuzzy blob.

The technology had one severe limitation. The computers needed a strong, clear guiding light to track, as a kind of reference point. The system worked only if the telescope was aimed close to a bright star or planet, limiting astronomers to just 1 percent of the sky.

By creating an artificial guide star in any part of the sky, the Keck Observatory's laser removes that barrier. The laser beam is tuned to a frequency that lights up sodium atoms, which are left by disintegrating meteorites in a thin layer of the atmosphere. Keck's computers analyze the distortion in the column of air between the telescope mirror and the laser-created star.

Inside the telescope's 101-foot-tall dome, the laser system sits within a bus-size enclosure. The laser starts out with a jolting 50,000 watts of power, amplifying the light beam within a dye solution made from 190-proof ethanol. But by the time the light is adjusted to its correct color and its energy is channeled along a single path, its power dwindles to about 15 watts—still bright enough that the Federal Aviation Administration requires the observatory to shut down the laser if an airplane flies near its path. From several hundred feet away the laser looks like a dim amber pencil beam. A bit farther and it isn't visible at all. As far as the rest of the island is concerned, there is no laser show at Mauna Kea.

IDENTIFYING A BLACK HOLE is one thing; describing it is another. "It's difficult to paint a picture that relates to the world as we understand it, without using mathematical complexity," Ghez says one afternoon at the Keck control center. The next day, she asks the older of her two sons, 6-year-old Evan, if he knows what a black hole is. His quick response: "I don't know, Mommy. Shouldn't *you*?"

Mark Morris thinks that "sinkhole" makes an apt metaphor for a black hole, particularly "a three-dimensional sinkhole. If you were in space near the black hole," he says, "you would see things disappear into it from all directions."

Both Ghez and Morris like to visualize what it would be like to be near the black hole looking outward. "This is the thriving city center of the galaxy, compared to the suburbs where we are," says Ghez. "Stars are moving at tremendous speeds. You'd see things change on a time scale of tens of minutes." Morris picks up on this theme. "If you look at the night sky from a beautiful mountaintop, it takes your breath away how many stars there are," he says. "Now, multiply that by a million. That's what the sky at the galactic center would look like. It would be like a sky full of Jupiters, and a few stars as bright as the full moon."

In this magnificent setting, the laws of physics are wonderfully twisted. Ghez and Morris hope to gather the first evidence that stars do indeed travel along the weird orbital paths predicted by Einstein's relativity theory. If so, each star would trace something like a Spirograph pattern over time, gradually altering the point of its closest approach to the black hole. Ghez thinks she and her colleagues are about eight years away from spotting that shift.

With each new finding, the Milky Way's core becomes more perplexing and fascinating. Both Ghez's and Genzel's teams were startled to discover many massive young stars in the black hole's neighborhood. There are scores of them, all just five to ten million years old—infants, in cosmic terms—and they are roughly ten times as massive as our sun. No one is entirely sure how they got so close to the black hole. Elsewhere in the galaxy, gestating stars require a cold, calm womb within a large cloud of dust and gas. The galactic core is anything but calm: intense radiation floods the area, and the black hole's gravity should shred gaseous nurseries before anything incubates there. As Reinhard Genzel put it at

a conference a few years ago, those young stars "have no damn right to be there." It's possible some of them were born farther out and migrated inward, but most theorists think they're too young for that scenario. Morris thinks the intense gravity compresses spiraling gas into a disk around the black hole, creating the new suns in a type of star birth not seen in any other galactic environment.

These young stars will self-destruct a few million years from now. And when they do, the most massive ones will leave behind small black holes. Morris theorizes that hundreds of thousands of these stellar-mass black holes, accumulated from past generations of stars, swarm around the central supermassive black hole. The stellar-mass black holes are only about 20 miles wide, so collisions between them would be rare. Instead, Morris says, "You'll have black holes swinging past each other in the night, and stars moving through this destruction derby. A near miss between one of the black holes and a star could scatter the star into the supermassive black hole or out of the galactic center entirely." Theorists think the supermassive black hole may gobble a star once every tens of thousands of years—an event that would ignite the center of the galaxy with radiation. "It would be a spectacular event," Morris says.

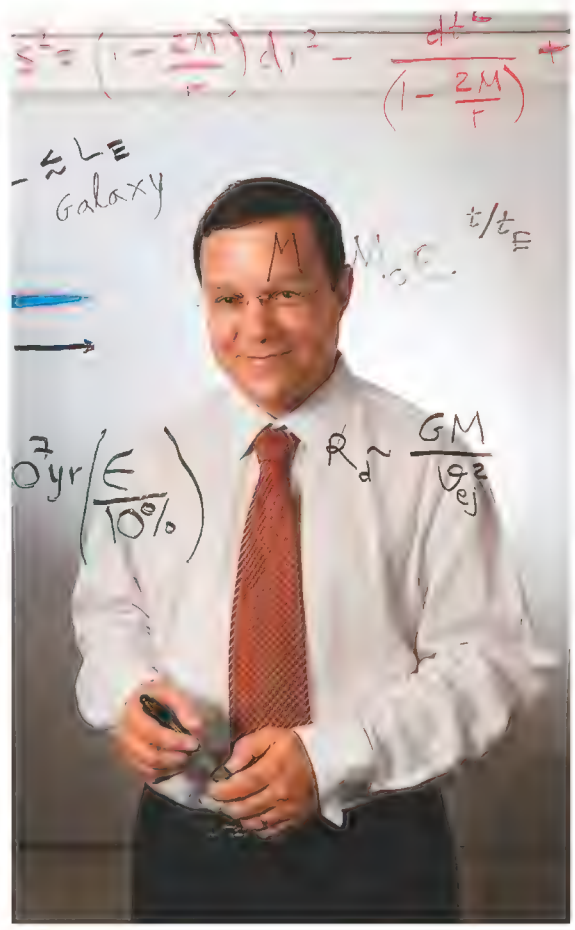
ASTRONOMERS SEE SIGNS of these meals by examining the Milky Way's interior with X-ray and radio telescopes, which detect the shock waves of past explosions. Giant black holes in other galaxies are too far away for astronomers to study in such depth, says Avi Loeb, director of the Institute for Theory and Computation at the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics in Cambridge, Massachusetts. That's why he hangs on every announcement from the Ghez and Genzel teams. "The advances made by the observers in such a short time have been truly remarkable," he says. "We theorists are all cheerleaders for them."

Loeb and others are painting a new picture of how the universe and its 100 billion galaxies have evolved since the big bang 13.7 billion years ago. They believe that all galaxies started with as-yet-unexplained "seed" black holes—tens to thousands of times the mass of our sun—that grew exponentially during violent feeding cycles when galaxies collided, which they did more frequently when the universe was younger and galaxies were closer together. In a collision, some stars catapult into deep space and other stars and gases plummet into the combined black hole at the galaxies' center. As the black hole grows, Loeb says, it turns into a raging quasar with gas heated to billions of degrees. The quasar then blasts the rest of the gas out of the galaxy entirely. After the gas is depleted, Loeb says, "the supermassive black hole sits at the center of the galaxy, dormant and starved."

It appears that our Milky Way, with its modest-sized black hole, has absorbed only a few smaller galaxies and has never fueled a quasar. However, a fearsome collision looms. The closest large galaxy, called Andromeda, is on a collision course with the Milky Way. The two will start to merge about two billion years from now, gradually forming a massive galaxy that Loeb and his Harvard-Smithsonian colleague T. J. Cox call "Milkomeda." The galaxies' supermassive central black holes will collide, devouring torrents of gas and igniting a new quasar for a short time in this sedate part of the universe. "We are late bloomers in that regard," Loeb notes. "It happened to most other galaxies early on."

Our galaxy's fearsome future aside, Loeb hopes that soon—perhaps within a decade—we'll have the first image of

PHYSICISTS PREDICTED **black holes before they were discovered (below: Albert Einstein and J. Robert Oppenheimer). Today theorists (below right: Avi Loeb) chart our galaxy's destiny.**



ALFRED EISENSTAEDT / TIME LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES; JARED LEEDS

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Brief Summary of Prescribing Information

INDICATIONS AND USAGE
SPIRIVA HandiHaler (tiotropium bromide inhalation powder) is indicated for the long-term, once-daily, maintenance treatment of bronchospasm associated with chronic obstructive pulmonary disease (COPD), including chronic bronchitis and emphysema.

CONTRAINDICATIONS
SPIRIVA HandiHaler (tiotropium bromide inhalation powder) is contraindicated in patients with a history of hypersensitivity to atropine or its derivatives, including ipratropium, or to any component of this product.

WARNINGS
SPIRIVA HandiHaler (tiotropium bromide inhalation powder) is intended as a once-daily maintenance treatment for COPD and is not indicated for the initial treatment of acute episodes of bronchospasm, i.e., rescue therapy.

Immediate hypersensitivity reactions, including angioedema, may occur after administration of SPIRIVA. If such a reaction occurs, therapy with SPIRIVA should be stopped at once and alternative treatments should be considered.

Inhaled medicines, including SPIRIVA, may cause paradoxical bronchospasm. If this occurs, treatment with SPIRIVA should be stopped and other treatments considered.

PRECAUTIONS

General
As an anticholinergic drug, SPIRIVA (tiotropium bromide inhalation powder) may potentially worsen symptoms and signs associated with narrow-angle glaucoma, prostatic hyperplasia or bladder-neck obstruction and should be used with caution in patients with any of these conditions.

As a predominantly renally excreted drug, patients with moderate to severe renal impairment (creatinine clearance of ≤50 mL/min) treated with SPIRIVA should be monitored closely (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, Pharmacokinetics, Special Populations**, *Renally-impaired Patients*).

Information for Patients
It is important for patients to understand how to correctly administer SPIRIVA capsules using the HandiHaler inhalation device (**see Patient's Instructions for Use**). SPIRIVA capsules should only be administered via the HandiHaler device and the HandiHaler device should not be used for administering other medications.

Capsules should always be stored in sealed blisters. Remove only one capsule immediately before use, or its effectiveness may be reduced. Additional capsules that are exposed to air (i.e., not intended for immediate use) should be discarded.

Eye pain or discomfort, blurred vision, visual halos or colored images in association with red eyes from conjunctival congestion and corneal edema may be signs of acute narrow-angle glaucoma. Should any of these signs and symptoms develop, consult a physician immediately. Miotic eye drops alone are not considered to be effective treatment.

Care must be taken not to allow the powder to enter into the eyes as this may cause blurring of vision and pupil dilation.

SPIRIVA HandiHaler is a once-daily maintenance bronchodilator and should not be used for immediate relief of breathing problems, i.e., as a rescue medication.

Drug Interactions
SPIRIVA has been used concomitantly with other drugs commonly used in COPD without increases in adverse drug reactions. These include sympathomimetic bronchodilators, methylxanthines, and oral and inhaled steroids. However, the co-administration of SPIRIVA with other anticholinergic-containing drugs (e.g., ipratropium) has not been studied and is therefore not recommended.

Drug/Laboratory Test Interactions
None known.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility
No evidence of tumorigenicity was observed in a 104-week inhalation study in rats at tiotropium doses up to 0.059 mg/kg/day, in an 83-week inhalation study in female mice at doses up to 0.145 mg/kg/day, and in a 101-week inhalation study in male mice at doses up to 0.002 mg/kg/day. These doses correspond to 25, 35, and 0.5 times the Recommended Human Daily Dose (RHDD) on a mg/m^2 basis, respectively. These dose multiples may be over-estimated due to difficulties in measuring deposited doses in animal inhalation studies.

Tiotropium bromide demonstrated no evidence of mutagenicity or clastogenicity in the following assays: the bacterial gene mutation assay, the V79 Chinese hamster cell mutagenesis assay, the chromosomal aberration assays in human lymphocytes *in vitro* and mouse micronucleus formation *in vivo*, and the unscheduled DNA synthesis in primary rat hepatocytes *in vitro* assay.

In rats, decreases in the number of corpora lutea and the percentage of implants were noted at inhalation tiotropium doses of 0.078 mg/kg/day or greater (approximately 35 times the RHDD on a mg/m^2 basis). No such effects were observed at 0.009 mg/kg/day (approximately 4 times than the RHDD on a mg/m^2 basis). The fertility index, however, was not affected at inhalation doses up to 1.689 mg/kg/day (approximately 760 times the RHDD on a mg/m^2 basis). These dose multiples may be over-estimated due to difficulties in measuring deposited doses in animal inhalation studies.

Pregnancy
Pregnancy Category C

No evidence of structural alterations was observed in rats and rabbits at inhalation tiotropium doses of up to 1.471 and 0.007 mg/kg/day, respectively. These doses correspond to approximately 660 and 6 times the recommended human daily dose (RHDD) on a mg/m^2 basis. However, in rats, fetal resorption, litter loss, decreases in the number of live pups at birth and the mean pup weights, and a delay in pup sexual maturation were observed at inhalation tiotropium doses of ≥0.078 mg/kg (approximately 35 times the RHDD on a mg/m^2 basis). In rabbits, an increase in post-implantation loss was observed at an inhalation dose of 0.4 mg/kg/day (approximately 360 times the RHDD on a mg/m^2 basis). Such effects were not observed at inhalation doses of 0.009 and up to 0.088 mg/kg/day in rats and rabbits, respectively. These doses correspond to approximately 4 and 80 times the RHDD on a mg/m^2 basis, respectively. These dose multiples may be over-estimated due to difficulties in measuring deposited doses in animal inhalation studies.

There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. SPIRIVA should be used during pregnancy only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus.

Use in Labor and Delivery
The safety and effectiveness of SPIRIVA has not been studied during labor and delivery.

Nursing Mothers
Clinical data from nursing women exposed to tiotropium are not available. Based on lactating rodent studies, tiotropium is excreted into breast milk. It is not known whether tiotropium is excreted in human milk, but because many drugs are excreted in human milk and given these findings in rats, caution should be exercised if SPIRIVA is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use
SPIRIVA HandiHaler is approved for use in the maintenance treatment of bronchospasm associated with chronic obstructive pulmonary disease, including chronic bronchitis and emphysema. This disease does not normally occur in children. The safety and effectiveness of SPIRIVA in pediatric patients have not been established.

Geriatric Use
Of the total number of patients who received SPIRIVA in the 1-year clinical trials, 426 were <65 years, 375 were 65–74 years and 105 were ≥75 years of age. Within each age subgroup, there were no differences between the proportion of patients with adverse events in the SPIRIVA and the comparator groups for most events. Dry mouth increased with age in the SPIRIVA group (differences from placebo were 9.0%, 17.1%, and 16.2% in the aforementioned age subgroups). A higher frequency of constipation and urinary tract infections with increasing age was observed in the SPIRIVA group in the placebo-controlled studies. The differences from placebo for constipation were 0%, 1.8%, and 7.8% for each of the age groups. The differences from placebo for urinary tract infections were −0.6%, 4.6% and 4.5%. No overall differences in effectiveness were observed among these groups. Based on available data, no adjustment of SPIRIVA dosage in geriatric patients is warranted.

ADVERSE REACTIONS
Of the 2,663 patients in the four 1-year and two 6-month controlled clinical trials, 1,308 were treated with SPIRIVA (tiotropium bromide inhalation powder) at the recommended dose of 18 mcg once a day. Patients with narrow angle glaucoma, or symptomatic prostatic hypertrophy or bladder outlet obstruction were excluded from these trials.

The most commonly reported adverse drug reaction was dry mouth. Dry mouth was usually mild and often resolved during continued treatment. Other reactions reported in individual patients and consistent with possible anticholinergic effects included constipation, increased heart rate, blurred vision, glaucoma, urinary difficulty, and urinary retention.

Four multicenter, 1-year, controlled studies evaluated SPIRIVA in patients with COPD. Table 1 shows all adverse events that occurred with a frequency of ≥3% in the SPIRIVA group in the 1-year placebo-controlled trials where the rates in the SPIRIVA group exceeded placebo by ≥1%. The frequency of corresponding events in the ipratropium-controlled trials is included for comparison.

Table 1: Adverse Experience Incidence (% Patients) in One-Year-COPD Clinical Trials

Body System (Event)	Placebo-Controlled Trials		Ipratropium-Controlled Trials	
	SPIRIVA [n = 550]	Placebo [n = 371]	SPIRIVA [n = 356]	Ipratropium [n = 179]
Body as a Whole				
Accidents	13	11	5	8
Chest Pain (non-specific)	7	5	5	2
Edema, Dependent	5	4	3	5
Gastrointestinal System Disorders				
Abdominal Pain	5	3	6	6
Constipation	4	2	1	1
Dry Mouth	16	3	12	6
Dyspepsia	6	5	1	1
Vomiting	4	2	1	2
Musculoskeletal System				
Myalgia	4	3	4	3
Resistance Mechanism Disorders				
Infection	4	3	1	3
Moniliasis	4	2	3	2
Respiratory System (upper)				
Epistaxis	4	2	1	1
Pharyngitis	9	7	7	3
Rhinitis	6	5	3	2
Sinusitis	11	9	3	2
Upper Respiratory Tract Infection	41	37	43	35
Skin and Appendage Disorders				
Rash	4	2	2	2
Urinary System				
Urinary Tract Infection	7	5	4	2

Arthritis, coughing, and influenza-like symptoms occurred at a rate of ≥3% in the SPIRIVA treatment group, but were <1% in excess of the placebo group.

Other events that occurred in the SPIRIVA group at a frequency of 1–3% in the placebo-controlled trials where the rates exceeded that in the placebo group include: *Body as a Whole:* allergic reaction, leg pain; *Central and Peripheral Nervous System:* dysphonia, paresthesia; *Gastrointestinal System Disorders:* gastrointestinal disorder not otherwise specified (NOS), gastroesophageal reflux, stomatitis (including ulcerative stomatitis); *Metabolic and Nutritional Disorders:* hypercholesterolemia, hyperglycemia; *Musculoskeletal System Disorders:* skeletal pain; *Cardiac Events:* angina pectoris (including aggravated angina pectoris); *Psychiatric Disorder:* depression; *Infections:* herpes zoster; *Respiratory System Disorder (Upper):* laryngitis; *Vision Disorder:* cataract. In addition, among the adverse events observed in the clinical trials with an incidence of <1% were atrial fibrillation, supraventricular tachycardia, angioedema, and urinary retention.

In the 1-year trials, the incidence of dry mouth, constipation, and urinary tract infection increased with age (see **PRECAUTIONS, Geriatric Use**).

Two multicenter, 6-month, controlled studies evaluated SPIRIVA in patients with COPD. The adverse events and the incidence rates were similar to those seen in the 1-year controlled trials.

The following adverse reactions have been identified during worldwide post-approval use of SPIRIVA: dizziness, dysphagia, epistaxis, hoarseness, intestinal obstruction including ileus paralytic, intraocular pressure increased, oral candidiasis, palpitations, pruritus, tachycardia, throat irritation, and urticaria.

DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION
The recommended dosage of SPIRIVA HandiHaler (tiotropium bromide inhalation powder) is the inhalation of the contents of one SPIRIVA capsule, once-daily, with the HandiHaler inhalation device (see **Patient's Instructions for Use**).

No dosage adjustment is required for geriatric, hepatically-impaired, or renally-impaired patients. However, patients with moderate to severe renal impairment given SPIRIVA should be monitored closely (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, Pharmacokinetics, Special Populations** and **PRECAUTIONS**).

SPIRIVA capsules are for inhalation only and must not be swallowed.

HOW SUPPLIED
The following packages are available:

carton containing 5 SPIRIVA capsules (1 unit-dose blister card) and 1 HandiHaler inhalation device (NDC 0597-0075-75)

carton containing 30 SPIRIVA capsules (3 unit-dose blister cards) and 1 HandiHaler inhalation device (NDC 0597 0075-41)

carton containing 90 SPIRIVA capsules (9 unit-dose blister cards) and 1 HandiHaler inhalation device (NDC 0597 0075-47)

SV-BS (10-06)
65626/US/1

℞ only

Pfizer

Boehringer Ingelheim

SPU00046

SV44080

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VASSAR COLLEGE / NASA

OUR GALAXY'S fate looks something like this (above: galaxies NGC 2207 and IC 2163, which began to merge 40 million years ago) because of its attraction to Andromeda.

the Milky Way's supermassive black hole, thanks to an emerging global network of "millimeter wave" telescopes. Named for the wavelength of infrared light they detect, the instruments technically won't see the black hole itself. Rather, they'll act in concert to photograph the shadow the black hole casts on a curtain of hot gas behind it. If all goes well, the image should show a black shadow, possibly with a distinctive shape. Theorists expect the black hole to be spinning. If so, according to the counterintuitive dragging of space predicted by Einstein's general theory of relativity, our view of the shadow will be distorted into something like a lopsided and squashed teardrop. "It would be the most remarkable picture we could have," says Loeb.

ON THE FOURTH AND final night of Ghez's planned observations, wind and fog at the Mauna Kea summit keep the telescope domes closed. So the astronomers take another look at their data from the previous nights. Passing the time, graduate student Tuan Do downloads a song to his computer and reads the lyrics to his amused colleagues. It's called "Supermassive Black Hole," by the British rock band Muse, who sing "o, o, you set my soul alight."

Images from the first two nights ranged from good to excellent, says Ghez; the third night was "respectable." She's says she's content: her students have enough to keep them busy, and Do identified a few more big young stars to add to the team's analysis. "I feel incredibly privileged to work at something I have this much fun at," she says. "It's hard to believe that black holes really exist, because it's such an exotic state of the universe. We've been able to demonstrate it, and I find that really profound."

She spends most of her time overseeing the command center at Waimea, but she has been to the top of Mauna Kea to see the laser in action. As we talk about the mesmerizing sight, it is clear that Ghez appreciates an irony: astronomers love the dark and often complain about any source of light that might interfere with their observations. Yet here they are, casting a beacon of light into the heavens to help illuminate the blackest thing humanity can ever hope to see.

Watch stars orbit our black hole at Smithsonian.com/blackhole

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Inside Cape Town

Tourists are flocking to the city's stunning mountains, glittering seacoast and top-rated vineyards, but a former resident explains how the legacy of apartheid lingers

BY JOSHUA HAMMER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PER-ANDERS PETTERSSON

As early as the 15th century, sailors rounding the Cape of Good Hope were dazzled by what they encountered. In 1580, British explorer Sir Francis Drake wrote that "This Cape is the most stately thing, and the fairest Cape in all the whole circumference of the earth."

From the deck of a 40-foot sloop plying the chilly waters of Table Bay, Paul Maré gazes back at the illuminated skyline of Cape Town. It is early evening, at the close of a clear day in December. Maré and his crew, racing in the Royal Cape Yacht Club's final regatta before Christmas, hoist the jib and head the sloop out to sea. A fierce southeaster is blowing, typical of this time of year, and Maré's crew members cheer as they tack round the last race buoy and speed back

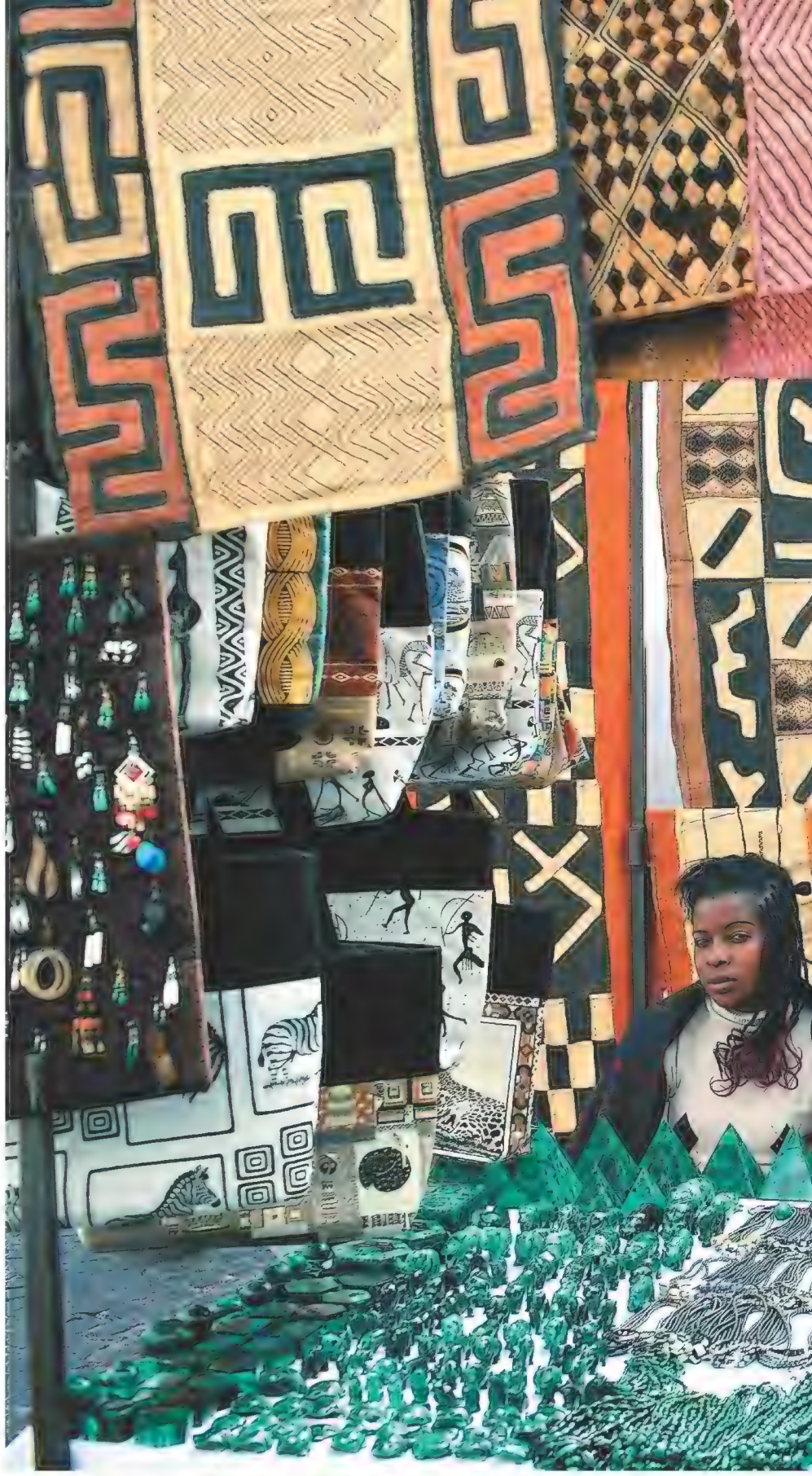
toward shore and a celebratory *braai,* or barbecue, awaiting them on the club's patio.

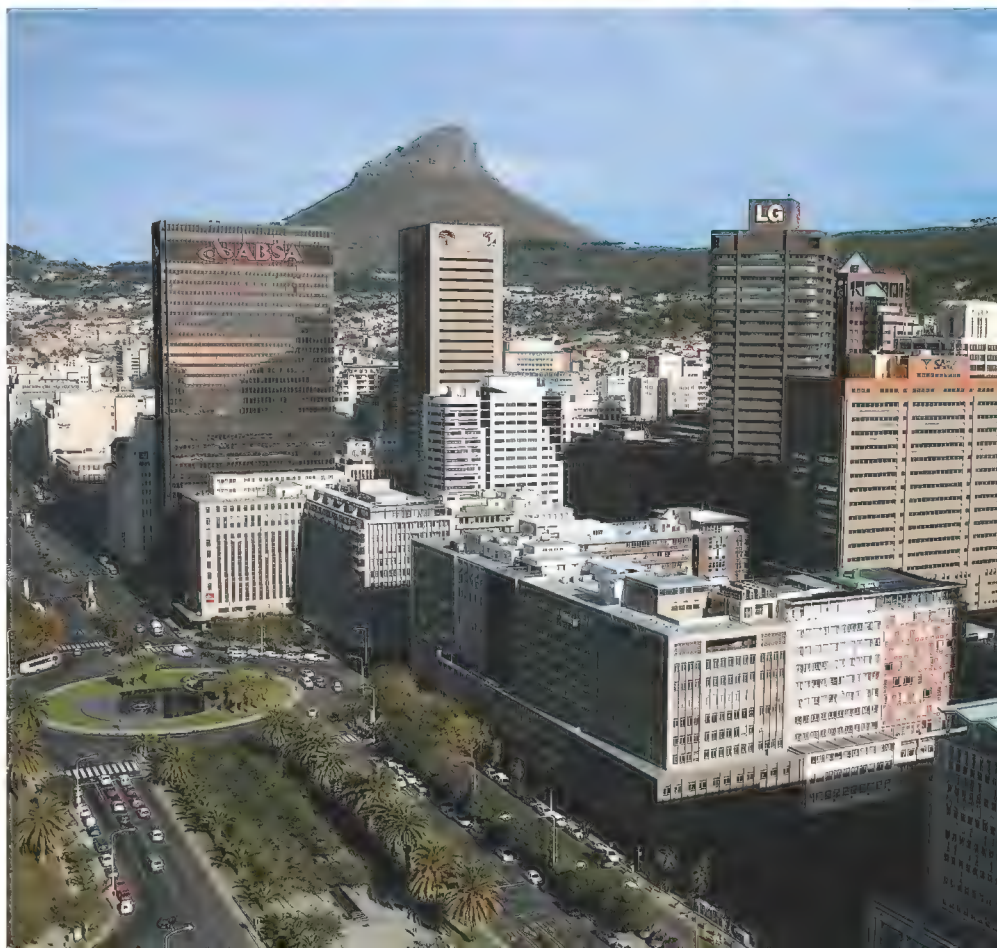
Maré, the descendant of French Huguenots who immigrated to South Africa in the late 17th century, is president of the yacht club, one of many white colonial vestiges that still thrive in Cape Town—South Africa's "Mother City." The club, founded in 1904 after the Second Boer War, has drawn an almost exclusively white membership ever since. (Today, however, the club administers the Sail Training Academy, which provides instruction to disadvantaged youth, most of them blacks and coloureds.)

After Nelson Mandela's African National Congress (ANC) won power in South Africa in the democratic elections of 1994 (it has governed since), some of Maré's white friends left the country, fearing that it would suffer the economic decline, corruption and violence that befell other post-independence African nations. Maré's two grown children immigrated to London, but the 69-year-old engineering consultant does not regret remaining in the land of his birth. His life in suburban Newlands, one of the affluent enclaves on the verdant slopes of Table Mountain, is stable and comfortable. His leisure time is centered around his yacht, which he owns with a fellow white South African. "We'll be getting ready for our next crossing soon," says Maré, who has sailed three times across the often stormy south Atlantic.

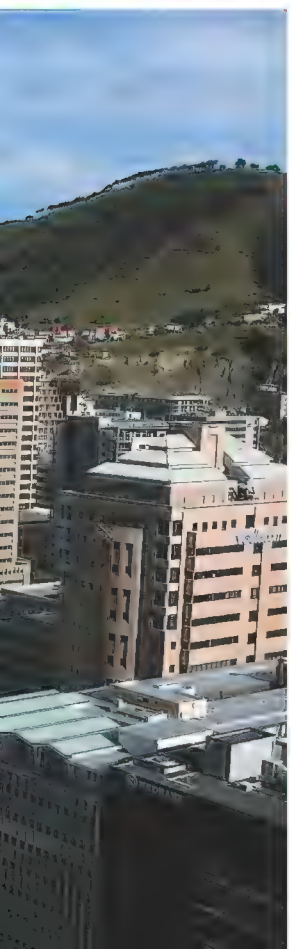
More than a decade after the end of apartheid, Cape Town, founded in 1652 by the Dutch East India Company's Jan van Riebeeck, is one of the fastest-growing cities in the country. Much of this sprawling metropolis of 3.3 million people at Africa's southern tip has the feel of a European or American playground, a hybrid of Wyoming's Tetons, California's Big Sur and the Provence region of France. White Capetonians enjoy a quality of life that most Europeans would envy—surfing and sailing off some of the world's most beautiful beaches, tasting wine at vineyards established more than 300 years ago by South Africa's first Dutch settlers, and mountain biking on wilderness trails high above the sea. Cape Town is the only major city in South Africa whose mayor is white, and whites still control most of its businesses. Not surprisingly, it's still known as "the most European city in South Africa."

But a closer look reveals a city in the throes of transformation. Downtown Cape Town, where one saw relatively few black faces in the early 1990s (the apartheid government's pass laws excluded nearly all black Africans from the Western Cape province), bustles with African markets. Each day at a central bus depot, *combis*, or minibuses, deposit immigrants by the hundreds from as far away as Nigeria and Senegal, nearly all of them seeking jobs. The ANC's "black economic empowerment" initiatives have elevated thousands of previously disadvantaged





Markets (top) thrive downtown, where blacks were once excluded, yet whites still dominate Capetown's businesses (right: the city center) and society (far right: the yacht club). "Ninety-five percent of this economy is still white-owned," says a mixed-race millionaire.



Cruising Restaurant & Bar
Sea Horse

Africans to the middle class and created a new generation of black and mixed-race millionaires and even billionaires. With the racial hierarchy dictated by apartheid outlawed, the city has become a noisy mix of competing constituencies and ethnicities—all jockeying for a share of power. The post-apartheid boom has also seen spiraling crime in black townships and white suburbs, a high rate of HIV infection and a housing shortage that has forced tens of thousands of destitute black immigrants to live in dangerous squatter camps.

"For Capetonians . . . it's an opportunity to show ourselves off to the world."

The city will host soccer's 2010 World Cup in a stadium now under construction (left).

Now Cape Town has begun preparing for what will be the city's highest-profile event since the end of white-minority rule in 1994. In 2004, the world soccer federation, FIFA, selected South Africa as the venue for the 2010 World Cup. Preparations include construction of a $300 million, 68,000-seat showcase stadium in the prosperous Green Point neighborhood along the Atlantic Ocean and massive investment in infrastructure. Not surprisingly, the project has generated a controversy tinged with racial overtones. A group of affluent whites, who insist that the stadium will lose money and degrade the environment, has been pitted against black leaders convinced that opponents want to prevent black soccer fans from flooding into their neighborhood. The controversy has abated thanks to a promise by the Western Cape government, so far unfulfilled, to build an urban park next to the stadium. "For Capetonians, the World Cup is more than just a football match," says Shaun Johnson, a former executive of a newspaper group and a top aide to former President Mandela. "It's an opportunity to show ourselves off to the world."

FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS, from August 2005 until April 2007, I experienced Cape Town's often surreal contradictions firsthand. I lived just off a winding country road high in the Steenberg Mountains, bordering Table Mountain National Park and overlooking False Bay, 12 miles south of Cape Town's city center. From my perch, it was easy to forget that I was living in Africa. Directly across the road from my house sprawled the Tokai forest, where I jogged or mountain-biked most mornings through dense groves of pine and eucalyptus planted by Cape Town's English colonial masters nearly a century ago. A half mile from my house, an 18th-century vineyard boasted three gourmet restaurants and a lily-white clientele; it could have been plucked whole from the French countryside.

Yet there were regular reminders of the legacy of apartheid. When I drove my son down the mountain to the American International School each morning, I passed a parade of black workers from the townships in the Cape Flats trudging uphill to manicure the gardens and clean the houses of my white neighbors. Next to my local shopping mall, and across the road from a golf course used almost exclusively by whites, stood an even starker reminder of South Africa's recent past: Pollsmoor Prison, where Mandela spent four and a half years after being moved from Robben Island in April 1984.

I also lived within sight of Table Mountain, the sandstone and granite massif that stands as the iconic image of the city. Formed 60 million years ago, when rock burst through the earth's surface during the violent tectonic split of Africa from South America, the 3,563-foot peak once rose as high as 19,500-foot Mount Kilimanjaro. No other place in Cape Town better symbolizes the city's grand scale, embrace of outdoor life and changing face. Table Mountain National Park—the preserve that Cecil Rhodes, prime minister of the Cape Colony in the late 19th century, carved out of private farms on the slopes of the mountain—has grown into a 60,000-acre contiguous wilderness, extending from the heart of the city to the southern tip of the Cape Peninsula; it includes dozens of miles of coastline. The park is a place of astonishing biodiversity; 8,500 varieties of bush-like flora, or *fynbos*—all unique to the Western Cape—cover the area, along with wildlife as varied as mountain goats, tortoises, springboks and baboons.

One December day I drive up to the park's rustic headquarters to meet Paddy Gordon, 44, area manager of the park section that lies within metropolitan Cape Town. Gordon exemplifies the changes that have taken place in the country over the past decade or so: a mixed-race science graduate of the once-segregated University of the Western Cape, he became, in 1989, the first nonwhite appointed to a managerial job in the entire national park system. Within 12 years he had worked his way up to the top job. "Before I came along we were only laborers," he says.

We drive high above the city along Kloof Road—a lively strip of nightclubs, French bistros and pan-Asian restaurants. After parking the car in a tourist lot at the base of the mountain, we begin climbing a rocky trail that hundreds of thousands of hikers follow each year to Table Mountain's summit. In a fierce summer wind (typical of this season, when frigid antarctic currents collide with southern Africa's warming landmass), Gordon points out fields of wild olives and asparagus, fynbos and yellow fire lilies, which burst into flower after wildfires that can erupt there. "We've got the greatest diver-

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Formerly Newsweek*'s bureau chief in Cape Town, writer* **JOSHUA HAMMER** *is a freelancer who is based in Berlin. Photographer* **PER-ANDERS PETTERSSON** *resides in Cape Town.*

DAVID ROGERS / GETTY IMAGES; PP. 58-59 PER-ANDERS PETTERSSON / GETTY IMAGES (3); PP. 56-57 MELANIE STETSON FREEMAN / THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR / GETTY IMAGES

sity in such a small area of anywhere in the world," he says, adding that development and tourism have made the challenges of conservation more difficult. In January 2006, at the height of Cape Town's summer dry season, a hiker dropped a lit cigarette in a parking lot at the base of this trail. Within minutes, fire spread across the mountain, asphyxiating another climber who had become disoriented in the smoke. The fire burned for 11 days, destroying multimillion-dollar houses and requiring the efforts of hundreds of firefighters and helicopters ferrying loads of seawater to extinguish. "It burned everything," Gordon tells me. "But the fynbos is coming up pretty well. This stuff has an amazing ability to regenerate itself."

Gordon points out a clear trailside stream created by mist condensation at the top of the plateau. "It's one of the only water sources on the mountain's western face," he says. The stream, Platte Klipp, was the primary reason that the 17th-century Dutch seaman Jan van Riebeeck built a supply station for the Dutch East India Company at the base of Table Mountain. The station grew into a thriving outpost, Kaapstadt; it became the starting point for the Voortrekkers, Dutch immigrants who crossed desert and veld by ox wagon to establish the Afrikaner presence across southern Africa.

The Mother City has steered the nation's destiny ever since. In 1795, the British seized Cape Town, maintaining their hold over the entire colony for more than 100 years. Even today, English- and Afrikaans-speaking whites gravitate toward opposite corners of the city. English speakers prefer the southern suburbs around Table Mountain and beachfront communities south of the city center. Afrikaners tend to live in northern suburbs a few miles inland from the Atlantic coast. The British introduced the first racist laws in the country, but it was the Afrikaner Daniel François Malan—born just outside Cape Town—who became the main proponent of white-racist philosophy. In 1948, Malan's National Party swept to victory; he became prime minister and codified his racist views into the legal system known as apartheid.

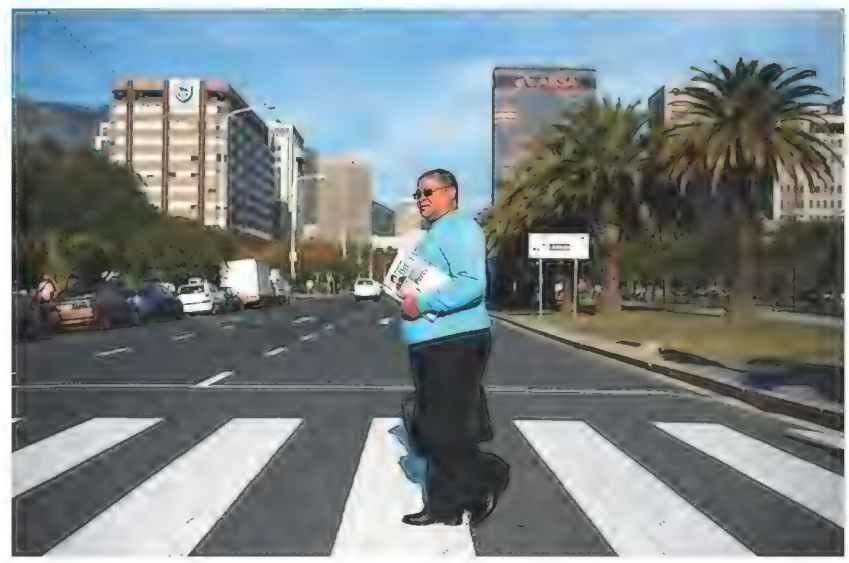
The Group Areas Act of 1950 banished all black Africans from Western Cape province, except those living in three black townships. Cape coloureds (predominantly mixed-race, Afrikaans-speaking descendants of Dutch settlers, their slaves and local indigenous inhabitants) became the main source of cheap labor; they remained second-class citizens who could be evicted from their homes by government decree and arrested if they so much as set foot on Cape Town's segregated beaches. From 1968 to 1982, the apartheid regime forcibly removed 60,000 coloureds from a neighborhood near the city center to the Cape Flats, five miles from downtown Cape Town, then bulldozed their houses to make room for a proposed whites-only development. (Protests stopped construction; even today, the neighborhood, District Six, remains largely a wasteland.)

During the height of anti-apartheid protests in the 1970s and 1980s, Cape Town, geographically isolated and insulated

SHADOW OF HISTORY

European powers valued the city's strategic position (top: map). Clockwise from above: Britain introduced racist laws (King George VI on state visit, 1947), but it was Afrikaner Prime Minister Daniel Malan (with his family, 1950) who imposed apartheid. By 1964, future President Nelson Mandela (as a defense lawyer, 1961) was imprisoned off Cape Town on Robben Island (which today draws some 600,000 visitors annually).

MAP: MIKE REAGAN; ELIOT ELISOFON / TIME LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES; MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE / TIME LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES; IAN BERRY / MAGNUM; CHARLES O'REAR / CORBIS



Upwardly mobile citizens of color (clockwise from top: field scientist Paddy Gordon; newspaper editor Henry Jeffreys; businessman Ragavan Moonsamy) are breaking new ground. In the past, says Gordon, "we were only laborers."

from racial strife by the near absence of a black population, remained quiet in comparison with Johannesburg's seething townships. Then, during the dying days of apartheid, blacks began to pour into Cape Town—as many as 50,000 a year over the past decade. In the 1994 election campaign, the white-dominated National Party exploited coloureds' fear that a black-led government would give their jobs to blacks; most chose the National Party over the ANC. While many blacks resent mixed-race Capetonians for their failure to embrace the ANC, many coloureds still fear black competition for government grants and jobs. "The divide between blacks and coloureds is the real racial fault line in Cape Town," I was told by Henry Jeffreys, a Johannesburg resident who moved to Cape Town last year to become the first nonwhite editor of the newspaper *Die Burger*. (A former editor was the architect of apartheid, D. F. Malan.)

But the gap is closing. The Western Cape province, of which Cape Town is the heart, boasts one of the fastest-growing economies in South Africa. An infusion of foreign and local investment has transformed the once moribund city center into what civic leader Shaun Johnson calls a "forest of cranes." In late 2006, a Dubai consortium paid more than $1 billion for the Victoria and Alfred Waterfront, a complex of hotels, restaurants and shops—and the terminal for ferries that transport tourists across Table Bay to Robben Island. The price of real estate has skyrocketed, even in once-rundown seaside neighborhoods such as Mouille Point, and the bubble shows no signs of bursting.

THE NEW ECONOMIC activity is enriching South Africans who couldn't dream of sharing in the wealth not that long ago. One bright morning, I drive south along the slopes of Table Mountain to Constantia Valley, a lush expanse of villas and vineyards; its leafy byways epitomize the privileged lives of Cape Town's white elite—the horsey

PER-ANDERS PETTERSSON / GETTY IMAGES (3)

PER-ANDERS PETTERSSON / GETTY IMAGES (3)

"mink and manure set." I have come to meet Ragavan Moonsamy, 43, or "Ragi," as he prefers to be called, one of South Africa's newest multimillionaires.

Here, bougainvillea-shrouded mansions lie hidden behind high walls; horse trails wind up forested hills cloaked in chestnut, birch, pine and eucalyptus. Armed "rapid response" security teams patrol the quiet lanes. I drive through the electric gates of a three-acre estate, passing landscaped gardens before I pull up in front of a neocolonial mansion, parking beside a Bentley, two Porsches and a Lamborghini Spyder. Moonsamy, wearing jeans and a T-shirt, is waiting for me at the door.

As recently as 15 years ago, the only way that Moonsamy would have gained entrance to this neighborhood would have been as a gardener or laborer. He grew up with eight siblings in a two-room house in Athlone, a dreary township in the Cape Flats. His great-grandparents had come to the South African port of Durban from southern India to work the sugar-cane fields as indentured servants in the late 19th century. Moonsamy's parents moved illegally from Durban to Cape Town in the 1940s. He says he and his siblings "saw Table Mountain every day, but we were indoctrinated by apartheid to believe we do not belong there. From the time I was a young teenager, I knew I wanted to get out."

Domestic worker Zongeswa Bauli (top: with her daughter, Sisipho) lives in a slum (bottom left) crowded with destitute blacks (right: being transported to day-labor jobs). "Nobody cares about Guguletu," she says of her black township.

After graduating from a segregated high school, Moonsamy dabbled in anti-apartheid activism. In 1995, as the ANC government began seeking ways of propelling "previously disadvantaged" people into the mainstream economy, Moonsamy started his own finance company, UniPalm Investments. He organized thousands of black and mixed-race investors to buy shares in large companies such as a subsidiary of Telkom, South Africa's state-owned phone monopoly, and bought significant stakes in them himself. Over ten years, Moonsamy has put together billions of dollars in deals, made tens of millions for himself and, in 1996, purchased this property in the most exclusive corner

of Upper Constantia, one of the first nonwhites to do so. He says he's just getting started. "Ninety-five percent of this economy is still white-owned, and changing the ownership will take a long time," he told me. Speaking figuratively, he adds that the city is the place to seize opportunity: "If you want to catch a marlin, you've got to come to Cape Town."

NOT EVERYBODY catches marlin. Zongeswa Bauli, 39, is a loyal member of the ANC who wears Nelson Mandela T-shirts and has voted for the party in every election since 1994. One afternoon I travel with her to her home at the Kanana squatter camp, an illegal settlement inside the black township of Guguletu, near Cape Town's airport. In 1991, the dying days of apartheid, Bauli arrived here from destitute Ciskei—one of the so-called "independent black homelands" set up by the apartheid regime in the 1970s—in what is now Eastern Cape province. For nine years, she camped in her grandmother's backyard and worked as a domestic servant for white families. In 2000, she purchased a plot for a few hundred dollars in Kanana, now home to 6,000 black migrants—and growing by 10 percent annually.

Bauli leads me through sandy alleys, past shacks constructed of crudely nailed wood planks. Mosquitoes swarm over pools of stagnant water. In the courtyard of a long-abandoned student hostel now taken over by squatters, rats scurry around heaps of rotting garbage; residents tell me that someone dumped a body here a month ago, and it lay undiscovered for several days. While free anti-retroviral drugs have been introduced in Cape Town, the HIV rate remains high, and the unemployment rate is more than 50 percent; every male we meet, it seems, is jobless, and though it's only 5 p.m., most appear drunk. As we near her dwelling, Bauli points out a broken outdoor water pump, vandalized the week before. At last we arrive at her tiny wooden shack, divided into three cubicles, where she lives with her 7-year-old daughter, Sisipho, her sister and her sister's three children. (After years of agitation by squatters, the municipality agreed in 2001 to provide electricity to the camp. Bauli has it, but thousands of more recent arrivals do not.) After dark, she huddles with her family indoors, the flimsy door locked, terrified of the gangsters, called *tsotsis*, who control the camp at night. "It's too dangerous out there," she says.

"Rubbish!" says Zille. "Are they saying that only Xhosa can be considered African?"

Helen Zille, who is white, disputes the belief that "only black people can take care of blacks."

Bauli dreams of escaping Kanana. The ANC has promised to provide new housing for all of Cape Town's squatters before the World Cup begins—the "No Shacks 2010" pledge—but Bauli has heard such talk before. "Nobody cares about Guguletu," she says with a shrug. Bauli's hopes rest on her daughter who is in second grade in a public primary school in the affluent, largely white neighborhood of Kenilworth—an unattainable aspiration in the apartheid era. "Maybe by 2020, Sisipho will be able to buy me a house," she says wryly.

Helen Zille, Cape Town's mayor, largely blames the ANC for the housing crisis: the $50 million that Cape Town receives annually from the national government, she says, is barely enough to build houses for 7,000 families. "The waiting list is growing by 20,000 [families] a year," she told me.

Zille's own story reflects the city's complex racial dynamics. In the last local election, her Democratic Alliance (DA), a white-dominated opposition party, formed a coalition with half a dozen smaller parties to defeat the incumbent ANC. (Many coloured voters turned against the ANC once again and helped give the DA its victory.) It was one of the first times in South Africa since the end of apartheid that the ANC had been turned out of office; the election results created a backlash that still resonates.

Zille, 57, is one of only a few white politicians in the country who speak Xhosa, the language of South Africa's second-largest tribe, and lives in a racially integrated neighborhood. She has an impressive record as an activist, having been arrested during the apartheid years for her work as a teacher in Crossroads, a black squatter camp. Despite her credentials, the ANC-controlled Western Cape provincial government launched an effort last fall to unseat and replace her with a "mayoral committee" heavily represented by ANC members. Their complaint: the city was not "African" enough and had to be brought in line with the rest of the country. After protests from Zille supporters and criticism from even some ANC allies, the leadership backed down.

THE WOUNDS ARE still raw. Zille bristled when I asked her about being heckled at a rally she attended with South African President Thabo Mbeki. She said the heckling was "orchestrated" by her enemies within the ANC. "This election marked the first time that the party of liberation has lost anywhere in South Africa," she said as we sat in her spacious sixth-floor office in the Civic Center, a high-rise overlooking Cape Town's harbor. "The ANC didn't like that." As for the claim that Cape Town wasn't African enough, she scoffed. "Rubbish! Are they saying that only Xhosa people can be considered African? The tragedy is that the ANC has fostered the misimpression

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Groot Constantia Vineyard (above) remains a privileged venue. According to mixed-race businessman Moonsamy, the creation of widespread prosperity "will take a long time."

PER-ANDERS PETTERSSON / GETTY IMAGES

that only black people can take care of blacks."

The Koeberg Nuclear Power Station, Africa's only nuclear power plant, was inaugurated in 1984 by the apartheid regime and is the major source of electricity for the Western Cape's 4.5 million population. I've come to meet Carin De Villiers, a senior manager for Eskom, South Africa's power monopoly. De Villiers was an eyewitness to one of the worst crises in South Africa's recent history, which unfolded at Koeberg for two frantic weeks in early 2006. It may well have contributed to the defeat of the ANC in the last election.

On February 19, 2006, an overload on a high-voltage transmission line automatically tripped the nuclear reactor's single working unit (the other had earlier sustained massive damage after a worker dropped a three-inch bolt into a water pump). With the entire reactor suddenly out of commission, the whole Western Cape became dependent on a coal-fueled plant located more than 1,000 miles away. As engineers tried desperately to get one of the two 900-megawatt units back on line, Eskom ordered rolling blackouts that paralyzed Cape Town and the region, as far as Namibia, for two weeks. "It was a nightmare," De Villiers told me. Businesses shut down, traffic lights stopped working, gas pumps and ATMs went dead. Police stations, medical clinics and government offices had to operate by candlelight. After the city's pumps shut down, raw sewage poured into rivers and wetlands, killing thousands of fish and threatening the Cape Peninsula's rich bird life. Tourists were stranded in cable cars on Table Mountain; burglars took advantage of disabled alarms to wreak havoc in affluent neighborhoods. By the time Eskom restored power on March 3, the blackouts had cost the economy hundreds of millions of dollars.

For De Villiers and the rest of Cape Town's population, the power failures provided an unsettling look at the fragility that lies just beneath the city's prosperous surface. It drew attention to the fact that Eskom has failed to expand power capacity to keep up with the province's 6 percent annual growth and opened the ANC to charges of poor planning and bad management. Now Eskom is scrambling to build new plants, including another nuclear reactor, as the city prepares for the World Cup. The power collapse also laid bare racial grievances: many whites, and some nonwhites as well, saw the breakdown as evidence that the official policy of black economic empowerment had brought unqualified people into key positions of responsibility. "Given the mismanagement of this economy à la Eskom, I am beginning to prefer my oppressors to be white," one reader wrote to *Business Day*, a South African newspaper.

PAUL MARÉ CONSIDERS such rough patches a natural, if frustrating, part of the transition to real democracy. Standing on the deck of the Royal Cape Yacht Club at twilight, with a glass of South African chardonnay in one hand and a *boerewors* (grilled sausage) in the other, Maré takes in the glittering lights of downtown Cape Town and the scene of prosperous white South Africa that surrounds him. Maré's partner, Lindsay Birch, 67, grumbles that in the post-apartheid era, "it's hard for us to get sponsorship for our regattas. Sailing isn't a black sport." Maré, however, is putting his bets on Cape Town's future—and his place in it. "I'm an African," Maré says. "I've got 350 years' worth of history behind me."

For a slide show of apartheid-related sites in Cape Town, go to Smithsonian.com/capetown

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40 YEARS AGO

Lyndon Johnson believed that his withdrawal from the 1968 presidential campaign would free him to solidify his legacy—but four days later, Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated . . .

BY CLAY RISEN

THE UNMAKING O

■ **THINGS TO COME** "Help us, Lord, to know what to do now," Johnson prayed after King died. Riots in Washington, D.C. (above) mirrored scenes of urban unrest nationwide.

F THE PRESIDENT

At the beginning of 1968, no one could have predicted the reception that would greet President Lyndon Baines Johnson as he entered St. Patrick's Cathedral in Manhattan on the afternoon of Thursday, April 4. Here was a man so dogged by protesters that he had been limiting his public appearances to military bases and American Legion halls. Here was an activist president—his legislative achievements were exceeded only by those of his idol, Franklin D. Roosevelt—who had become so divisive that he had abandoned his re-election campaign just four days before. And yet, as he began walking down the aisle with his daughter Luci, the 5,000 people who had gathered for the installation of Terence Cooke as archbishop of New York rose and began to applaud. As the president and his daughter sat silently through Cooke's inaugural sermon, the archbishop addressed him directly: "Mr. President, our hearts, our hopes, our continued prayers go with you."

The greeting in New York City was just the latest manifestation of a dramatic turn in Johnson's popularity. Hundreds had lined the streets to see his motorcade as it entered the city. Another crowd had cheered him during a visit to Chicago three days earlier. Newspaper editorials had heaped praise on Johnson for his decision not to seek re-election. It was as if someone had flipped a switch in the national psyche: in a Harris Poll taken after his withdrawal announcement the previous Sunday night, the public went from 57 percent against to 57 percent in favor of the job he was doing as president.

After dropping his campaign, Johnson was by all accounts a man renewed. An increasingly hostile Congress, constant public criticism, the recent Tet Offensive by Viet Cong and North Vietnamese forces, and the prospects of a grueling re-election battle had ground him to a nub; now, freed from political pressures and embraced by the media and public, he plotted an agenda for his remaining months. Along with peace in Vietnam, he had a long list of domestic programs he felt he now had the political capital to get passed. As he wrote in his memoirs about his New York visit, "The world that day seemed to me a pretty good place."

But then, just hours after Johnson entered St. Patrick's, James Earl Ray poked his Remington Gamemaster out the bathroom window of a Memphis flophouse and fired at the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., who was standing outside his room at the Lorraine Motel, 80 yards away. King was

BETTMANN / CORBIS; P. 68-69 AP IMAGES; P. 69 ARNOLD NEWMAN / LBJ LIBRARY

■ **SHOCKING CALL: "We were stunned" when Johnson announced (left) that he would not run, an ex-aide recalls. Afterward (above), friends telephoned to lend their support to the president and first lady.**

rushed to a nearby hospital, where he died at 7:05 p.m.

An aide relayed the news of the shooting to Johnson as he sat meeting with Robert Woodruff, head of Coca-Cola, and former Georgia governor Carl Sanders in the West Wing of the White House; word of King's death came within an hour. The president finished his business quickly, then huddled with his inner circle of aides to work on a statement he would read on television. Before the night was out, looting and burning erupted in Washington, just blocks from the White House; over the next several days, riots would break out in as many as 125 cities. When it was over, 39 people were dead, more than 2,600 injured and 21,000 arrested; the damages were estimated at $65 million—the equivalent of about $385 million today—though the destruction was so widespread that a full accounting remains impossible.

Back in the White House, even as the riots were beginning, Johnson knew his hopes for a legislative victory lap were finished. Just hours after King's death, he told his domestic policy adviser, Joseph A. Califano Jr.: "Everything we've gained in the last few days we're going to lose tonight."

JOHNSON HAD WEATHERED riots before—the first of the "long, hot summers" was in 1964, only months into his presidency. But by 1968 he knew that another spasm of urban disorder would ruin his standing with the public. Far more than Vietnam, a combination of civil rights activism and racial riots had eroded LBJ's support among white, middle-class Americans. "The level of vitriol in the mail and the calls over all the race issues dwarfed anything we had on Vietnam," Califano told me recently in the Manhattan office where he chairs the National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse. "He was very conscious that he'd become an incredibly divisive figure because of his strong stand on the race issue."

Nevertheless, Johnson began 1968 hoping he could push through his ambitious domestic agenda while running for re-election: among other items, a 10 percent income tax surcharge, a ban on housing discrimination and more money for the Head Start school-readiness program, housing and jobs. "In January he was still willing to spend whatever capital he had left—and it was dwindling fast—to get his work done without waiting for the war to be over," Califano wrote in his memoirs. "Often we put so many complex proposals out in a day that reporters were unable to write clearly about them." But the disastrous Tet Offensive in January and February and antiwar Senator Eugene McCarthy's striking second-place finish in the New Hampshire primary in March convinced Johnson that he had to do something drastic. "Abdication," historian Doris Kearns Goodwin wrote in her biography of Johnson, "was thus the last remaining way to restore control, to turn rout into dignity, collapse into order."

Conventional wisdom holds that Johnson backed out of the 1968 race a broken man, undone by years of domestic

CORBIS

division. But 40 years later, such a view seems too simplistic. An examination of that fateful week in the Johnson presidency, based on documents from the National Archives and interviews with Johnson White House staffers, shows that he was, in fact, emboldened by his withdrawal—only to be broken, finally and irreparably, by the King assassination and the riots that followed.

Indeed, soon after he made his withdrawal address, Johnson was plotting a new agenda. "His demeanor was that of a new man," his confidant and former speechwriter Horace Busby wrote. "His conversation began to quicken with talk of what could be achieved over the balance of the year. There was fresh excitement and an old bite in his tone as he declared, 'We're going to get this show on the road again.'"

But the show closed quickly. Consider the fate of a speech, conceived in the hours after King's death, to outline a massive new effort to address urban poverty. On Friday, April 5, the day after King died, Johnson had gone on television and promised to deliver the speech the following Monday. Then he pushed it back to Tuesday night, supposedly to avoid overshadowing King's funeral in Atlanta earlier that day. Then he postponed it indefinitely. When Busby urged him to get on with it, Johnson demurred. "We don't have the ideas we used to have when I first came to this town," he told Busby. "Until we all get to be a whole lot smarter, I guess the country will just have to go with what it has already."

PRESIDENT AND PREACHER: Johnson and King (in 1966) relied on each other to advance their agendas.

JOHNSON'S WITHDRAWAL—which he announced on March 31 on national television with the words "I shall not seek, and I will not accept, the nomination of my party for another term as your President"—was long in coming. According to his press secretary George Christian, Johnson had been weighing the decision since October, and he had casually broached the subject with friends even earlier. In January 1968, he asked Busby to draft a withdrawal statement to slip into his State of the Union address, but the president never delivered it.

By late March, however, Johnson had begun to reconsider. At lunch on Thursday, March 28, he brought up the idea of withdrawing with Califano and Harry McPherson, his special counsel. With antiwar protesters outside the White House gates chanting, "Hey, hey, LBJ! How many kids did you kill today?" Johnson rattled off his reasons for withdrawing. He was worried about his health. He wanted to spend time with his family. Most important, his political capital was gone. "I've asked Congress for too much for too long, and they're tired of me," he told his lunch companions, according to McPherson, now a partner at a Washington law firm.

Johnson's staff had spent weeks working on a major speech about Vietnam, scheduled for the evening of March 31, in which the president would announce a halt to bombing over most of North Vietnam to encourage Hanoi to enter peace talks. The day before, he asked Busby to rework the statement that had gone unread during the State of the Union address. Busby came to the White House the next morning, and Johnson secluded him in the Treaty Room to work on what Johnson discreetly called his "peroration."

Johnson told his vice president, Hubert Humphrey, about the new ending that morning, but informed key cabinet members only minutes before going on the air. As he sat in the Oval Office, his family watching from behind the cameras, he exuded a calm rarely seen on his face of late, "a marvelous sort of repose over-all," recalled his wife, Lady Bird. When he finished his speech, he stood quietly and hugged his daughters.

The White House was silent. "We were stunned," McPherson told me. And then the phones began ringing. All night, friends close and estranged called with congratulations and approval. The White House press corps exploded in activity, clamoring for a further statement. The first lady finally emerged. "We have done a lot," she told reporters. "There's a lot left to do in the remaining months; maybe this is the only way to get it done."

JOHNSON ADDRESSED the nation on television again the night of April 4. "America is shocked and saddened by the brutal slaying tonight of Dr. Martin Luther King," he said. "I ask every citizen to reject the blind violence that has struck Dr. King, who lived by nonviolence."

He had already called King's widow, Coretta; now, he dived into a flurry of calls to civil rights leaders, mayors and governors around the country. He told the civil rights leaders to go out into the streets, to meet with people and express

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CLAY RISEN *is the author of* A Nation in Flames: America in the Wake of the King Assassination, *due out in spring 2009.*

YOICHI R. OKAMOTO / LBJ LIBRARY

their sorrow. He advised politicians to warn their police against the unwarranted use of force. But no one seemed to be heeding his words. "I'm not getting through," he told his aides. "They're all holing up like generals in a dugout getting ready to watch a war."

Busby, who had come in from his Maryland home to help with any speechwriting, watched as his old friend once again took on the weight of a national emergency. "The exuberance of the week seemed to be draining from his long face as I watched him behind the desk," he later wrote.

Johnson dispatched a Justice Department team, led by Attorney General Ramsey Clark, to Memphis to oversee the manhunt for King's assassin. Meanwhile, he set Califano, McPherson and their assistants to work calling the nation's leading black figures to a meeting at the White House the next day: Roy Wilkins of the NAACP; Whitney M. Young Jr. of the National Urban League; Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary, Indiana; Thurgood Marshall of the U.S. Supreme Court; and around a dozen others. Martin Luther King Sr. was too ill to come from his home in Atlanta. "The president wants you to know his prayers are with you," one of Johnson's aides told him over the phone. "Oh no," replied the ailing patriarch, "my prayers are with the president."

In Washington, the night was warm and cloudy, with rain in the forecast. As news of King's death spread, crowds gathered on U Street, the center of the city's downtown black community about 20 blocks north of the White House, to share their shock, grief and anger. At 9:30, someone broke the plate-glass window at a Peoples Drug Store; within an hour, the crowd had turned into a mob, breaking shop windows and looting. A light rain before midnight did little to disperse the crowd. Soon rioters set several shops ablaze.

Volleys of police tear gas brought the rioting under control by 3 a.m. Friday; by dawn, street-cleaning crews were sweeping up broken glass. And though scattered looting and violence had erupted in more than a dozen other cities, it seemed that the country had emerged from the night remarkably intact. The question was whether rioting would resume that night.

Friday, then, was a day for grieving and waiting. The House of Representatives observed a moment of silence. The Senate heard eulogies for an hour, after which House and Senate liberals called for immediate passage of fair-housing legislation, which had

DISBELIEF AND RAGE
On April 4 (below, left), LBJ and White House staffers watched reports of King's shooting. On April 9 (below, right), King's funeral procession traveled through Atlanta's streets. Urban riots (bottom, from left: Baltimore, Memphis and Chicago) left 39 dead.

MIKE GEISSINGER / LBJ LIBRARY; BETTMANN / CORBIS (3); AP IMAGES

been stymied for almost two years. In Atlanta, preparations began for King's funeral the following Tuesday. But by and large, the country tried to adhere to routine. Most schools opened, as did federal and private offices in Washington.

At the White House, Johnson and the assembled black leaders gathered in the Cabinet Room, along with Democratic Congressional leaders, several cabinet members and Vice President Hubert Humphrey. "If I were a kid in Harlem," Johnson told them, "I know what I'd be thinking right now: I'd be thinking that the whites have declared open season on my people, and they're going to pick us off one by one unless I get a gun and pick them off first."

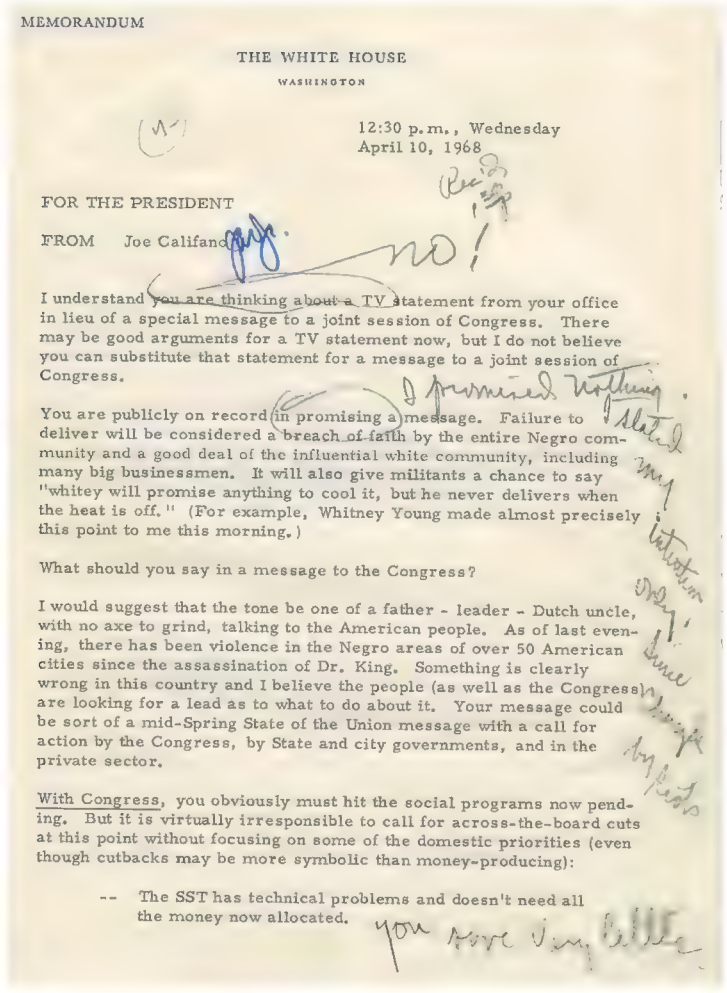
That can't be allowed to happen, he continued. That's why he had called the meeting. Resoundingly, his guests told him that words weren't enough; with King gone, black citizens needed to see action in order to believe that there was still hope for progress. Otherwise, the country could experience untold violence in the coming days.

Johnson promised immediate, concrete action. Then, accompanied by the leaders, he went by 12-car motorcade to a memorial service at Washington National Cathedral, where King had addressed an overflow crowd just five days before. "Forgive us for our individual and our corporate sins that have led us inevitably to this tragedy," intoned King's Washington representative, the Rev. Walter Fauntroy. "Forgive us, forgive us. God, please forgive us."

Upon returning to the White House, Johnson read another statement on television promising to address Congress that Monday with a list of new social spending plans. "We must move with urgency, with resolve, and with new energy in the Congress, in the courts, in the White House, the statehouses and the city halls of the nation, wherever there is leadership—political leadership, leadership in the churches, in the homes, in the schools, in the institutions of higher learning—until we do overcome," he said.

Afterward, Johnson sat down to lunch with Luci, Busby, McPherson, Califano and Supreme Court Justice (and longtime adviser) Abe Fortas. Before they began eating, Johnson bowed his head and said, "Help us, Lord, to know what to do now." Looking up, he added, "I thought I'd better get specific about it, fellas." Halfway through the meal, one of the men got up and went to the window overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue. "Gentlemen, I think you'd better see this," he said. Through the budding trees they spied a flood of cars and people, all pushing their way westward out of the city.

Johnson and others moved from the dining room to the sitting room. The president looked down the long hall of the White House toward the east and pointed silently. Out the window, past the Treasury Building, a column of smoke was rising from downtown Washington.



MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

12:30 p.m., Wednesday
April 10, 1968

FOR THE PRESIDENT

FROM Joe Califano

I understand you are thinking about a TV statement from your office in lieu of a special message to a joint session of Congress. There may be good arguments for a TV statement now, but I do not believe you can substitute that statement for a message to a joint session of Congress.

You are publicly on record in promising a message. Failure to deliver will be considered a breach of faith by the entire Negro community and a good deal of the influential white community, including many big businessmen. It will also give militants a chance to say "whitey will promise anything to cool it, but he never delivers when the heat is off." (For example, Whitney Young made almost precisely this point to me this morning.)

What should you say in a message to the Congress?

I would suggest that the tone be one of a father - leader - Dutch uncle, with no axe to grind, talking to the American people. As of last evening, there has been violence in the Negro areas of over 50 American cities since the assassination of Dr. King. Something is clearly wrong in this country and I believe the people (as well as the Congress) are looking for a lead as to what to do about it. Your message could be sort of a mid-Spring State of the Union message with a call for action by the Congress, by State and city governments, and in the private sector.

With Congress, you obviously must hit the social programs now pending. But it is virtually irresponsible to call for across-the-board cuts at this point without focusing on some of the domestic priorities (even though cutbacks may be more symbolic than money-producing):

-- The SST has technical problems and doesn't need all the money now allocated.

IN WRITING: "I promised nothing," Johnson scrawled on a memo reminding him of his post-King intentions.

BY 1968, THE WHITE HOUSE was well-versed in crisis management. As reports of rioting across the city began streaming in, Johnson called in Cyrus Vance, the former deputy secretary of defense who had overseen federal efforts during the 1967 riots in Detroit, from his law office in New York to help coordinate the Washington response. D.C. Mayor Walter Washington set a curfew of 5:30 p.m. Califano established a White House command center in his office, while the city government set one up at the mayor's office. At one point, Califano handed the president a report saying that militant African-American leader Stokely Carmichael was planning a march on Georgetown, home to many of the media elite LBJ so disdained. "Goddamn!" the president caustically joked. "I've waited thirty-five years for this day."

By 5 p.m. federal troops occupied the Capitol, surrounded the White House and had begun patrolling with sheathed bayonets; ultimately, some 12,500 soldiers and National Guardsmen would be sent to Washington. Tanks crunched broken glass beneath their treads. And Washington wasn't the only city to be occupied. "At about five o'clock in the afternoon, Johnson got a call from Mayor [Richard J.] Daley, who started telling him Chicago was getting out of control," McPherson told me. Federal troops soon arrived in Chicago. They marched into Baltimore on Sunday.

Scores of cities across the nation registered some level of civil disturbance. Pittsburgh and, later, Kansas City, Missouri, teetered on the edge of uncontrollable violence. In Nashville, rioters torched an ROTC building. National Guard troops were deployed in Raleigh and Greensboro, North Carolina. Even small, previously peaceful cities were hit—in Joliet, outside Chicago, rioters burned down a warehouse not far from a key Army munitions factory.

Flying home from Memphis on Friday evening, Attor-

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ney General Clark and his staff had asked the pilot to circle Washington before landing at Andrews Air Force Base. Roger Wilkins, then an assistant attorney general, recalled seeing fires everywhere, obscured by billowing smoke. "As I'm looking out the window, I see a great big orange ball with a needle in it," he told me. "All of a sudden I said . . . 'That's flames, and the needle I'm seeing is the Washington Monument.' The city looked like it had been bombed from the air."

ALONG WITH THE RIOT RESPONSE, Johnson's aides went to work on the speech the president was scheduled to give to Congress that Monday. The address, Johnson told Busby, "can make or break us. The [withdrawal] speech Sunday was good and accomplished what we wanted, but King's death has erased all of that, and we have to start again."

Proposals poured in: LBJ's Congressional liaison, Harold "Barefoot" Sanders, suggested a bigger income surtax. The Labor Department suggested a renewed effort to rehabilitate ghettos. Gardner Ackley, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, suggested a "bill of economic rights" that would give priority to programs for housing and income assistance. Doris Kearns Goodwin, then a White House fellow assigned to Labor, recalled working late into the night on the speech, then "driving home exhausted through uncanny, deserted streets, halted periodically at barricades where armed soldiers looked inside the car." At one point, Califano's staff tallied $5 billion (the equivalent of almost $30 billion today) in new plans to include in the speech. "One thing people were of a single mind about," McPherson told me, "was that it shouldn't be any small measures."

But as Friday gave way to Saturday and then Sunday, the mood in the White House soured. The speech was repeatedly postponed. By April 9, the *Washington Post* noted, "Neither Congress nor the Administration appeared in a mood to plunge headlong into massive new urban spending programs now."

THE BILL COMES DUE
Johnson urged his aides, including Joseph Califano (top left) and Harry McPherson (bottom left), to propose bold social programs after King's death. But the president lost heart as he gauged reaction to the riots. The best he thought he could do was to sign a fair-housing law (above).

What had happened? In part it was simple realism. Even as Johnson was drumming up his list of new programs—an expression of his unalloyed New Dealer faith in government—he was hearing new levels of criticism and anger from his friends in Congress. Georgia Senator Richard Russell, one of Johnson's fellow Democrats, phoned and fumed because he had heard that the soldiers guarding the Capitol were bearing unloaded arms. (They did, however, carry ammunition on their belts.) West Virginia Senator Robert Byrd, another Democrat, called for the Army to occupy Washington indefinitely.

It was "extraordinary that there should have been such a vast difference between the conversations in the White House and attitudes on the Hill," McPherson wrote in his memoirs. "On the Hill, and probably for the majority in

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■ DOGGED BY WAR: In July 1968, the strain showed as Johnson listened to a tape from his son-in-law Charles Robb, a marine serving in Vietnam.

this country, [new social spending] seemed dangerously like a protection racket."

On Sunday, Johnson saw the destruction in Washington firsthand. After attending church with Luci, he accompanied Gen. William Westmoreland—who had flown in from Vietnam for a meeting—on a helicopter trip to Andrews Air Force Base. On the way back, he had the pilot fly up and down the riot-torn streets. In the daylight, recalled Tom Johnson, a White House aide (and future president of CNN), the passengers could still see fires burning.

With America in flames, Johnson realized that he would do better to focus his efforts on a single piece of legislation, preferably one with few costs attached. He chose the fair-housing bill, which would ban racial discrimination in housing sales and rentals for some 80 percent of the residential market. It was, noted Senator Sam Ervin, a Democrat from North Carolina, the first civil rights bill to challenge discrimination outside the South. For that reason—combined with the national cooling on civil rights since the 1965 Watts riot—it had been stalled for two years.

But King's assassination gave the bill new life. The Senate had already passed it; the House followed suit on Wednesday, April 10. Johnson signed the bill the next day, a week after King's death, surrounded by 300 friends, staffers, civil rights leaders and members of Congress. Taking note of the violence of the past few days, he said, "The only real road to progress for a free people is through the process of law." He also pleaded with Congress to pass legislation he had already introduced for social programs totaling $78 billion ($465 billion today). "We have come some of the way, not nearly all of it," he said.

But by then his power was spent. He would get his surtax passed later that year, but only after agreeing to painful spending cuts. Congress would approve a plan for new low-income housing, but it was a GOP-backed plan. Johnson couldn't even claim full credit for passage of the fair-housing bill: Richard Nixon, who was pursuing the Republican nomination for president, telephoned GOP legislators that weekend urging them to support it, the better to remove civil rights from the coming campaign. The bill also included a ban on transporting or teaching the use of firearms and incendiary devices deployed in riots, making it palatable to law-and-order advocates. And in the end, Congress refused to provide money to enforce the ban on discrimination.

JOHNSON MAY BE remembered as the Vietnam War president, but in his mind his greatest legacy was his efforts to improve the lives of African-Americans. And he had much to show for it: the 1964 Civil Rights Act, the Voting Rights Act, the War on Poverty, Head Start and more. But as the 1960s wore on, he also saw himself in a race—against black militancy, against rising ghetto frustrations, against an increasingly conservative white electorate.

At times, he privately lashed out at black America. "I asked so little in return," he later lamented to Kearns Goodwin. "Just a little thanks. Just a little appreciation. That's all. But look what I got instead. . . . Looting. Burning. Shooting. It ruined everything." And April 1968 was the final blow. In a telling memo from April 10, Califano confronted his boss: "You are publicly on record promising a message. Failure to deliver will be considered a breach of faith by the entire Negro community and a good deal of the influential white community." Johnson scribbled angrily in reply, "I promised nothing. I stated my intentions only. Since changed by riots."

More than wounding his pride, the riots forced Johnson to realize how little his efforts had actually changed the country, at least in the short term. He had naively hoped that a massive assault of federal spending would relieve conditions in the ghetto overnight; when 125 cities erupted over one weekend, he had to confront the fact that nothing he had done seemed to have had an effect. "God knows how little we've really moved on this issue, despite all the fanfare," he later told Kearns Goodwin. "As I see it, I've moved the Negro from D+ to C-. He's still nowhere. He knows it. And that's why he's out in the streets.

"Hell," he added, "I'd be there too."

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WHETHER DENOUNCING FRANCE'S ART ESTABLISHMENT, SHOCKING 19TH-CENTURY SENSIBILITIES OR CHALLENGING NAPOLEON III, GUSTAVE COURBET NEVER HELD BACK

By Avis Berman

Painter, provocateur, risk taker and revolutionary, Gustave Courbet might well have said, "I offend, therefore I am." Arguably modern art's original *enfant terrible*, he had a lust for controversy that makes the careers of more recent shockmeisters like Jeff Koons, Damien Hirst and Robert Mapplethorpe seem almost conventional. As a rebellious teenager from a small town in eastern France, Courbet disregarded his parents' desire for him to study law and vowed, he wrote, "to lead the life of a savage" and free himself from governments. He did not mellow with age, disdaining royal honors, turning out confrontational, even salacious canvases and attacking established social values when others of his generation were settling into lives cushioned with awards and pensions.

Courbet arrived in Paris in 1839 at the age of 20 intent on studying art. Significantly, considering his later assault on the dominance and rigidity of the official art establishment, he did not enroll in the government-sanctioned Academy of Fine Arts. Instead he took classes in private studios, sketched at museums and sought advice and instruction from painters who believed in his future. Writing to his parents in 1846 about the difficulty of making a name for himself and gaining acceptance, he said his goal was "to change the public's taste

"When I am no longer controversial," wrote Courbet (left: his 1844-45 self-portrait *The Desperate Man*), "I will no longer be important."

and way of seeing." Doing so, he acknowledged, was "no small task, for it means no more and no less than overturning what exists and replacing it."

As the standard-bearer of a new "realism," which he defined as the representation of familiar things as they are, he would become one of the most innovative and influential painters of mid-19th-century France. His dedication to the portrayal of ordinary life would decisively shape the sensibilities of Manet, Monet and Renoir a generation later. And Cézanne, who praised the older artist for his "unlimited talent," would embrace and build on Courbet's contention that brushwork and paint texture should be emphasized, not concealed. In addition, by holding his own shows and marketing his work directly to the public, Courbet set the stage for the Impressionists in another way. After their paintings were repeatedly rejected by the Paris Salon (the French government's all-important annual art exhibition), Monet, Renoir, Pissarro and Cézanne organized their own groundbreaking show in 1874. It was at that exhibition that a critic derisively dubbed the group "Impressionists." Who knows, wrote art critic Clement Greenberg in 1949, "but that without Courbet the impressionist movement would have begun a decade or so later than it did?"

Self-Portrait With Black Dog **(left) was Courbet's first painting to be accepted by the Salon jury and was exhibited in 1844. Of *The Painter's Studio*, 1855 (right), the artist said: "It is the story of my atelier, what goes on there morally and physically. . . . It will keep people guessing."**

"They have done me the honor of giving me . . . a place reserved for

COURBET WORKED IN EVERY GENRE, from portraiture, multi-figural scenes and still lifes to landscapes, seascapes and nudes. He did so with a surpassing concern for accurate depiction, even when that meant portraying impoverished women or laborers engaged in backbreaking tasks—a radical approach at a time when his peers were painting fanciful scenes of rural life, stories drawn from mythology and celebrations of aristocratic society. Courbet's women were fleshy, often stout. His laborers appeared tired, their clothes torn and dirty. "Painting is an essentially *concrete* art," he wrote in a letter to prospective students in 1861, "and can consist only of the representation of things both *real* and *existing*."

He also developed the technique of using a palette knife—and even his thumb—to apply and shape paint. This radical method—now commonplace—horrified conservative viewers accustomed to seeing glossy paint smoothed onto the surface of a picture and was ridiculed by many critics. The sensuous rendering and eroticism of the women in Courbet's canvases further scandalized the bourgeoisie.

These once-controversial paintings are part of a major retrospective of Courbet's work now at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art (through May 18). The exhibition, which opened last year at the Grand Palais in Paris and will continue on to the Musée Fabre in Montpellier, France, features more than 130 paintings and drawings. Nearly all of Courbet's important canvases have been included, except *A Burial at Ornans* (p. 86) and *The Painter's Studio* (above)—the two masterpieces on which his early reputation rests—because they were deemed too large and too fragile to travel.

A fresh—and revelatory—dimension of the exhibition is its concentration on the face that Courbet presented to the world. A series of arresting self-portraits from the 1840s and early 1850s advertise him as an alluring young man in the Byronic mode, with long hair and liquid brown eyes.

LEFT: MUSEE DU PETIT PALAIS, PARIS; PP. 80-81 PHOTO © MICHEL NGUYEN / COURTESY OF BNP PARIBAS ART ADVISORY

the best paintings in the Exhibition," Courbet wrote home in 1844.

One of them, *The Desperate Man*, has never been seen in the United States. In it, Courbet portrays himself in a state of frenzy, confronting the viewer with a mesmerizing stare. Few artists since Caravaggio could have brought off a portrait so emotionally extreme, composed of equal parts aggression and startling charm.

The early self-portraits, says the Met's Kathryn Calley Galitz, one of the show's curators, "disclose that Courbet was emphatically responding to Romanticism, which makes his later shift to Realism even more significant." These images also record a youthful slenderness that would prove fleeting. Courbet's appetite for eating and drinking was as gargantuan as his hunger for fame. ("I want all or nothing," he wrote to his parents in 1845; ". . . within five years I must have a reputation in Paris.") As he put on weight, he came to resemble nothing so much as what he was—an intellectual, political and artistic battering ram.

COURBET'S ACQUAINTANCES in Paris were under the impression—craftily abetted by the artist himself—that he was an ignorant peasant who had stumbled into art. In truth, Jean Désiré-Gustave Courbet, though provincial, was an educated man from an affluent family. He was born in 1819 in Ornans, in the mountainous Franche-Comté region near the Swiss border, to Régis and Sylvie Oudot Courbet. Régis was a prosperous landowner, but anti-monarchical sentiments infused the household. (Sylvie's father had fought in the French Revolution.) Gustave's younger sisters—Zoé, Zélie and Juliette—served as ready models for their brother to draw and paint. Courbet loved the countryside where he grew up, and even after he moved to Paris he returned nearly every year to hunt, fish and derive inspiration.

At age 18, Courbet was sent to college in Besançon, the capital city of the Franche-Comté. Homesick for Ornans, he complained to his parents about cold rooms and bad food. He

PP. 82-83 MUSEÉ D'ORSAY, PARIS

also resented wasting time in courses in which he had no interest. In the end, his parents agreed to let him live outside the college and take classes at a local art academy.

In the autumn of 1839, after two years in Besançon, Courbet journeyed to Paris, where he began studying with Baron Charles von Steuben, a history painter who was a regular exhibitor at the Salon. Courbet's more valuable education, however, came from observing and copying Dutch, Flemish, Italian and Spanish paintings in the Louvre.

His first submission to the Salon, in 1841, was rejected, and it wasn't until three years later, in 1844, that he would finally have a painting, *Self-Portrait With Black Dog,* selected for inclusion. "I have finally been accepted to the Exhibition, which gives me the greatest pleasure," he wrote to his parents. "It is not the painting that I would most have wanted to have accepted but no matter. . . . They have done me the honor of giving me a very beautiful location. . . . a place reserved for the best paintings in the Exhibition."

"I am the proudest and most arrogant man in France," declared Courbet (in a June 9, 1867, newspaper caricature).

In 1844 Courbet began work on one of his most acclaimed self-portraits, *The Wounded Man* (p. 3), in which he cast himself as a martyred hero. The portrait, which exudes a sense of vulnerable sexuality, is one of Courbet's early explorations of erotic lassitude, which would become a recurring theme. In *Young Ladies on the Banks of the Seine* of 1856-57 (opposite), for instance, two women—one dozing, one daydreaming—are captured in careless abandon. The sleeping woman's disarrayed petticoats are visible, and moralists of the time were offended by Courbet's representation of the natural indecorousness of sleep. One critic called the work "frightful." In 1866 Courbet outdid even himself with *Sleep*, an explicit study of two nude women asleep in each other's arms. When the picture was shown in 1872, the commotion surrounding it was so intense that it was noted in a police report, which became part of a dossier the government was keeping on the artist. Courbet, a critic observed, "does democratic and social painting—God knows at what cost."

In 1848 Courbet moved into a studio at 32 rue Hautefeuille on the Left Bank and started hanging out in a neighborhood beer house called the Andler Keller. His companions—many of whom became portrait subjects—included the poet Charles Baudelaire, art critic Champfleury (for many years, his champion in the press) and philosopher Pierre-Joseph Proudhon. They encouraged Courbet's ambitions to make unidealized pictures of everyday life on the same scale and with the same seriousness as history paintings (large-scale narrative renderings of scenes from morally edifying classical and Christian history, mythology and literature). By the early 1850s, Courbet was enjoying the patronage of a wealthy collector named Alfred Bruyas, which gave him the independence and means to paint what he wanted.

Few artists have been more sensitive to, or affected by, political and social changes than Courbet. His ascent as a painter was tied to the Revolution of 1848, which led to the abdication of King Louis-Philippe in February of that year. The succeeding Second Republic, a liberal provisional government, adopted two key democratic reforms—the right of all men to vote and to work. In support of these rights, Courbet produced a number of paintings of men and women laboring at their crafts and trades. In this more tolerant political climate, some of the Salon's requirements were eliminated, and Courbet was able to show ten paintings—a breakthrough for him—in the 1848 exhibition. The following year, one of his genre scenes of Ornans won a gold medal, exempting him from having to submit his work to future Salon juries.

Starting in the early 1840s, Courbet lived with one of his models, Virginie Binet, for about a decade; in 1847 they had a child, Désiré-Alfred Emile. But when the couple separated in the winter of 1851-52, Binet and the boy moved away from Paris, and both mistress and son, who died in 1872, seem to have disappeared from the artist's life. After Binet, Courbet avoided lasting entanglements. "I am as inclined to get married," he had written his family in 1845, "as I am to hang myself." Instead, he was ever in the process of forming, hoping for or dissolving romantic attachments. In 1872, while back in Ornans, Courbet, then in his early 50s, wrote a friend about meeting a young woman of the sort that he "had been seeking for twenty years" and of his hopes of persuading her to live with him. Puzzled that she preferred marriage with her village sweetheart to his offer of "the brilliant position" that would make her "indisputably the most envied woman in France," he asked the friend, who was acting as a go-between, to find out if her answer was given with her full knowledge.

His goal, Courbet wrote, was "to change the public's taste and way

Courbet's status as a gold-medal winner allowed *A Burial at Ornans* (which was inspired by the funeral of his great-uncle in the local cemetery) to be shown at the 1851 Salon, despite the critics who derided its frieze-like composition, subject matter and monumentality (21 by 10 feet). Some 40

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of seeing. . . . no more and no less than overturning what exists."

ROGER-VIOLLET / PETIT PALAIS, MUSEE DES BEAUX ARTS DE LA VILLE DE PARIS; THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, H.O. HAVEMEYER COLLECTION; NATIONALMUSEUM, STOCKHOLM

Courbet's *Young Ladies on the Banks of the Seine*, 1856-57 (top) scandalized critics with its sensual, provocative subject matter. In 1865 Courbet spent time painting in Trouville with Whistler. Captivated by Whistler's mistress Joanna Hiffernan, Courbet did four portraits of her (above right: *Jo, the Beautiful Irishwoman*, 1866). *The Waterspout* (above left) was painted in 1870.

When asked to add some angels to a picture, Courbet replied, "I

mourners, pallbearers and clergy—actual townspeople of Ornans—appear in the stark scene. This provided a radically different visual experience for sophisticated Parisians, for whom rustics and their customs were more likely to be the butt of jokes than the subjects of serious art. One writer suggested that Courbet had merely reproduced "the first thing that comes along," while another compared the work to "a badly done daguerreotype." But François Sabatier, a critic and translator, understood Courbet's achievement. "M. Courbet has made a place for himself . . . in the manner of a cannon ball which lodges itself in a wall," he wrote. "Despite the recriminations, the disdain, and the insults which have assailed it, despite even its flaws, *A Burial at Ornans* will be classed . . . among the most remarkable works of our time."

In December 1851, Louis Napoleon (a nephew of the French emperor and the elected president of the Second Republic) staged a coup d'état and declared himself Emperor Napoleon III. Under his authoritarian rule, artistic freedom was limited and an atmosphere of repression prevailed—the press was censored, citizens were put under surveillance and the national legislature was stripped of its power. Courbet's tender study of his three sisters giving alms to a peasant girl, *Young Ladies of the Village*, was attacked by critics for the threat to the class system that it appeared to provoke. "It is impossible to tell you all the insults my painting of this year has won me," he wrote to his parents, "but I don't care, for when I am no longer controversial I will no longer be important."

Courbet drew even more ire in 1853 with *The Bathers*, a posterior view of a generously proportioned woman and her clothed servant in a forest. Critics were appalled; the naked bather reminded one of them of "a rough-hewn tree-trunk." The romantic painter Eugène Delacroix wrote in his journal: "What a picture! What a subject! The commonness and the uselessness of the thought are abominable."

Courbet's most complex work, *The Painter's Studio: A Real Allegory Summing up a Seven-Year Phase of My Artistic Life* (1855), represented his experiences and relationships since 1848, the year that marked such a turning point in his career. On the left of the painting are victims of social injustice—the poor and the suffering. On the right stand friends from the worlds of art, literature and politics: Bruyas, Baudelaire, Champfleury and Proudhon are identifiable figures. In the center is Courbet himself, working on a landscape of his beloved Franche-Comté. A nude model looks over his shoulder and a child gazes raptly at the painting in progress. Courbet portrays the studio as a gathering place for the whole of society, with the artist—not the monarch or the state—the linchpin that keeps the world in rightful balance.

The 1855 Exposition Universelle, Paris' answer to London's Crystal Palace exhibition of 1851, was the art event of the decade in France. Examples of contemporary art movements and schools from 28 countries—as long as they met Napoleon III's criteria for being "pleasant and undemanding"—were to be included. Count Emilien de Nieuwerkerke—the Second Empire's most powerful art official—accepted 11 of 14 paintings Courbet submitted. But three rejections, which included *The Painter's Studio* and *A Burial at Ornans*, were three too many. "They have made it clear that at any cost my tendencies in art must be stopped," the artist wrote to Bruyas. I am "the sole judge of my painting," he had told de Nieuwerkerke. "By studying tradition I had managed to free myself of it . . . I alone, of all the French artists of my time, [have] the power to represent and translate in an original way both my person-

New York-based author and art historian **AVIS BERMAN** *wrote about Edward Hopper in the July 2007 issue of* SMITHSONIAN.

ERICH LESSING / ART RESOURCE, NY

Courbet believed that "Art in painting should consist only of the representation of things that are visible and tangible." In his 21-foot-long *A Burial at Ornans*, 1849-50 (left), he portrayed ordinary citizens from his hometown (below: his birthplace) on a scale usually reserved for historical or mythological subjects.

have never seen angels. Show me an angel, and I will paint one."

ality and my society." When the count replied that Courbet was "quite proud," the artist shot back: "I am amazed that you are only noticing that now. Sir, I am the proudest and most arrogant man in France."

To show his contempt, Courbet mounted an exhibition of his own next door to the Exposition. "It is an incredibly audacious act," Champfleury wrote approvingly to novelist George Sand. "It is the subversion of all institutions associated with the jury; it is a direct appeal to the public; it is liberty." After Delacroix visited Courbet's Pavilion of Realism (as the rebellious artist titled it), he called *The Painter's Studio* "a masterpiece; I simply could not tear myself away from the sight of it." Baudelaire reported that the exhibition opened "with all the violence of an armed revolt," and another critic called Courbet "the apostle of ugliness." But the painter's impact was immediate. The young James Whistler, recently arrived from the United States to study art in Paris, told an artist friend that Courbet was his new hero, announcing, "*C'est un grand homme!*" ("He is a great man!").

By the 1860s, through exhibitions in galleries in France and as far away as Boston, Courbet's work was selling well. Dealers in France vied to exhibit his still lifes and landscapes. And his poignant hunting scenes, featuring wounded animals, also found a following in Germany. Despite his continued opposition to Napoleon III, Courbet was nominated to receive the French Legion of Honor in 1870, an attempt, perhaps, to shore up the emperor's prestige on the eve of the Franco-Prussian War. Although Courbet had once hoped for the award, his "republican convictions," he now said, prevented him from accepting it. "Honor does not lie in a title or a ribbon; it lies in actions and the motives for actions," he wrote. "I honor myself by remaining faithful to my lifelong principles; if I betrayed them, I should desert honor to wear its mark."

Courbet's gesture impressed political insurgents. In 1871, after Napoleon III was defeated by the Germans, Parisian revolutionaries known as the Commune began reorganizing the city along socialist lines; Courbet joined the movement. He was put in charge of the city's art museums and successfully protected them from looters. He declared, however, that the Vendôme Column, a monument to Napoleon Bonaparte and an emblem of French imperialism, was devoid of artistic value and should be dismantled and re-erected elsewhere. The column was toppled on May 16, 1871. When the Commune was crushed and the Third Republic established a few weeks later, Courbet was held responsible for the column's destruction, even though the Commune had officially decided its fate before the artist's appointment and had executed the decree after his resignation. Arrested in June 1871, Courbet was fined and later sentenced to six months in prison, but he became ill while incarcerated and was sent to a clinic to recuperate. Ever defiant, he bragged to his sisters and friends that his troubles had increased both his sales and his prices. Some artists, jealous of his success and angered by his boasting, lashed out. "Courbet must be excluded from the Salons," contended the painter Ernest Meissonier. "Henceforth, he must be dead to us."

In 1873, the Third Republic wanted to reinstall the column and Courbet was ordered to pay all reconstruction costs. Lacking the estimated hundreds of thousands of francs it would cost and facing the possible seizure of his lands and paintings, he fled to Switzerland, where he spent the last four years of his life in exile, drowning himself in alcohol and hoping for a pardon. In May 1877, the government decreed that the artist owed his country 323,000 francs (about $1.3 million today), payable in yearly installments of 10,000 francs for the next 32 years. Courbet died on December 31, 1877, the day before the first installment was due. He was 58. The cause of death was edema, presumably the result of his excessive drinking. In 1919, his remains were transferred from Switzerland to the same cemetery in Ornans that he had once painted with such bravado and conviction.

Courbet (in an 1860s photo by Nadar) vowed "to live the life of a savage."

CAP / ROGER-VIOLLET / THE IMAGE WORKS; BETTMANN / CORBIS

For additional images from the exhibition visit Smithsonian.com/courbet

An attempt to buy a gift launched Dean Thomas, left, and his brother Jim (at the Gettysburg Battlefield) on the trail of purloined letters.

TO CATCH

A THIEF

How a Civil War buff's chance discovery led to a sting, a raid and a victory against traffickers in stolen historical documents

BY STEVE TWOMEY

In the fall of 2006, a history devotee named Dean Thomas was surprised by something he saw on eBay, the online auction house. Someone was offering 144-year-old letters sent by munitions companies to Philadelphia's Frankford Arsenal, a major supplier of the Union Army during the Civil War. How had he missed these? Thomas wondered. Hadn't he combed the records of that very arsenal in that very conflict? "Boy, am I a dummy," he thought.

Thomas is the author of an impressive, if not best-selling, addition to Civil War studies titled *Round Ball to Rimfire*. Its three volumes explore every type of cartridge, ball and bullet used in the war—used, that is, by the North. With a volume on Southern munitions yet to come, the opus stands at 1,360 pages—yours for $139.90 from Thomas Publications, the company Thomas founded in 1986, according to its Web site, "to produce quality books on historical topics."

The company occupies a drab building west of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, that is as much museum as business, displaying old weapons as well as its books. Between stints of writing at home, Dean runs the business, and his brother, Jim, sets type, lays out pages and crops photos. It was Jim who first saw the Frankford Arsenal documents as he was hunting for a gift for Dean—a perpetual challenge, because Dean's got everything a history buff could want, or almost. "How many people do you know have a cannon on their porch and a Revolutionary War soldier's hut in their office?" Jim says.

Jim bid on two of the Arsenal letters. Their presence on eBay didn't alarm him, because old public papers can find their way into private hands in legitimate ways and be legitimately sold. What did worry Jim, though, was whether his brother

would like them, so he asked him to peek online. Dean liked the letters enough to ask Jim to bid on a third.

Yet Dean, 59, kept puzzling over the letters, because even though he had meticulously tracked down all manner of Arsenal documents for his book, he couldn't remember seeing or hearing about these.

"He was kind of beating himself up for being a bad researcher," Jim says.

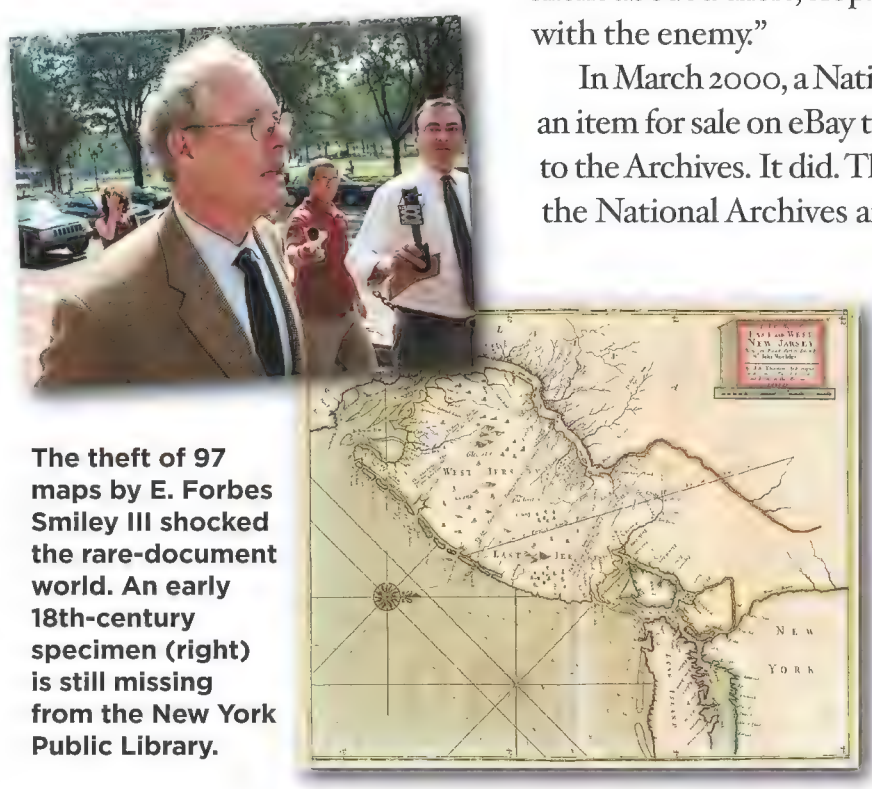
A few nights after he first saw the letters, Dean visited eBay to see if Jim's bids had won. He had, for $298.88. But now the seller had a new offering: another Civil War letter, this one sent to the Arsenal by an American diplomat. Its topic was an unusual type of Austrian ammunition called guncotton.

This time, vintage memories began to rustle.

Dean had devoted eight pages of his *Round Ball* opus to guncotton, specifically citing the diplomat's letter. He rose, went to his files and found a photocopy of it. He had made the copy more than 25 years earlier in Washington, D.C. because he could neither buy nor borrow the original. No one could. It belonged to the citizens of the United States.

The National Archives, he now had no doubt, had been robbed.

Searching his files further, Dean also found a photocopy of one of the three letters Jim had just won. That made two stolen items. After checking eBay again, Dean discovered that he had copies of two more documents up for sale. That made four.



The theft of 97 maps by E. Forbes Smiley III shocked the rare-document world. An early 18th-century specimen (right) is still missing from the New York Public Library.

They weren't big-deal documents—not letters from Jefferson to Adams—and they weren't worth much on the open market. But this was not a matter of fame or riches. This was about stewardship of the national story. Whatever doubts Dean had about his research talents gave way to anger at whoever was doing this. "He was peddling American history," Dean says of the perpetrator. "It wasn't his to sell, and he was a thief."

The next morning, September 25, 2006, Dean telephoned the Archives.

People of larcenous character have been tempted by rare documents for as long as libraries and archives have offered access to them. Pilfering a 16th-century map of North America or walking out with a letter bearing the signature of Jefferson Davis is the first step on the freeway to easy money because the world teems with buyers seeking an intimate connection with the past, something to frame on a wall or display on a coffee table.

Traditionally, the custodians of heritage have been leery of making too much fuss over thefts. After all, the filching of a historical treasure from a restricted and guarded room is embarrassing, and an admission of breached security could hurt funding or discourage potential donors from bequeathing their prized collections. But a string of recent high-value crimes has led not only to greater vigilance but also to greater frankness about the threat. The more the public knows of the trafficking in purloined history, the thinking goes, the more difficult the fencing.

"Please, please, please don't keep it quiet," Rob Lopresti, a librarian from Western Washington University, told an American Library Association gathering in June. If you stay silent about a theft, Lopresti added, "you're sleeping with the enemy."

In March 2000, a National Park Service worker saw an item for sale on eBay that he thought might belong to the Archives. It did. The agency, known formally as the National Archives and Records Administration, determined that an employee named Shawn P. Aubitz had whisked away several hundred documents and photos, including pardons signed by James Madison, Abraham Lincoln and other presidents. Aubitz was sentenced to 21 months in prison, but 61 of the presidential pardons are still missing.

During a six-year spree that ended in 2002, a Virginia amateur historian named Howard Harner repeatedly tucked Civil War papers into his clothes and strode out of the Archives. In all, he filched more than 100, including letters signed by Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant. Harner was sentenced to two years in federal prison; the Archives never got back most of what he took.

On February 21, 2006, a library employee at Western Washington University returned from the President's Day weekend to discover that someone had refiled books upside down or out of order in the government documents collection. In time, the staff determined that at least 648 pages of maps, lithographs, charts and illustrations had been torn from at least 102 vintage volumes. Evidence in that case led law enforcement authorities in December 2007 to a history-for-sale scheme that might have more victims than any in recent years, at least 100. (See "Pay Dirt in Montana," page 98.)

Above all there is E. Forbes Smiley III, an East Coast map dealer who, in January 2007, took up residence in a

STEVE TWOMEY, *who has reported for several newspapers over three decades, wrote about Barbaro for the April 2007 issue.*

BOB CHILD / AP IMAGES; NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY; PP. 90-91 ANDREW CUTRARO / AURORA SELECT

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Smiley stole at least 97 maps from six distinguished institutions and sold them the old-fashioned way, privately, without eBay. A simple mistake stopped his spree: on June 8, 2005, a staff member found an X-Acto blade on the floor of Yale University's rare book and manuscript library. Told of the find, a supervisor noticed a man at a table examining rare maps and, using visitor logs, identified him as Smiley. Through an Internet search, the supervisor discovered that Smiley was a map dealer. A police officer found several Yale maps in Smiley's briefcase. After his arrest, five other libraries realized that Smiley had robbed them, too. "Nobody ever told me in library school I'd be on a first-name basis with an FBI agent," says David Cobb, the map curator at Harvard University, one of Smiley's targets.

"Nobody ever told me in library school I'd be on a first-name basis with an FBI agent," says a curator.

The 97 maps were worth $3 million. But street value does not begin to capture the role of rare manuscripts, books and maps in illuminating a culture's milestones and missteps. When a car is stolen, its owner suffers alone. When a Civil War document disappears from an archive, everyone is diminished, even if just a little. It is no longer there to educate a Dean Thomas, who in turn cannot tell the rest of us about it.

Even though almost all the maps Smiley admitted stealing were recovered, the theft electrified the rare-document world because, as a high-end dealer, he had been family, trusted by the very institutions he had plundered. He had brazenly tossed aside the obligation to treat rare collections as community property instead of as a cultural ATM.

The New York Public Library was another of his targets, and in a statement to the judge in the case, library president Paul LeClerc wrote that "the maps stolen by Mr. Smiley provide a window into the past, illustrating how our predecessors once perceived of their relationship with the world and one [an]other." Losing such items to thieves causes "incalculable" damage, he added.

No less damage is done when manuscripts, books, photos and prints are torn—sometimes literally—from the public domain and sold into a life behind private walls. LeClerc may have been writing only about maps, but his words underscore the consequences when any rare and historical item is stolen from a great public collection: "Who knows what prize-winning book will not be written, or what historical or scientific discovery will not be made?"

When Dean Thomas telephoned the Archives, he was connected to Special Agent Kelly Maltagliati, a mother of two in her late 40s who used to stake out Florida swamps to nab drug runners for U.S. Customs. Maltagliati works at a building known as Archives II, which sits on a bucolic campus in College Park, Maryland, and is the modern-architecture sibling of Archives I, the stately tourist destination by the National Mall in Washington, a few miles away.

Besides records, Archives II houses the Office of Inspector General (OIG), which has the job of investigating thefts from the two main buildings, as well as from 13 regional centers, 12 presidential libraries and a slew of other facilities. So many papers, photos, artifacts and other pieces of Americana reside in those places that nobody can offer more than a ballpark number of the total. But the OIG knows precisely how many employees it has to recover anything stolen from them: seven, including Maltagliati and the inspector general himself.

"We're like the 300 spartans," Paul Brachfeld says, "less about 298."

As IG, Brachfeld has many duties, such as conducting audits of the Archives' operations, but he especially loves thwarting thieves. A wiry, intense man with a long federal career, Brachfeld, 50, radiates a kid's sense of wonder when he describes the thrill of holding recovered documents.

"We're a democracy. Democracy counts on records," he

"We have billions of records," says Paul Brachfeld of the National Archives, but only seven staffers, including Kelly Maltagliati, to recover stolen goods.

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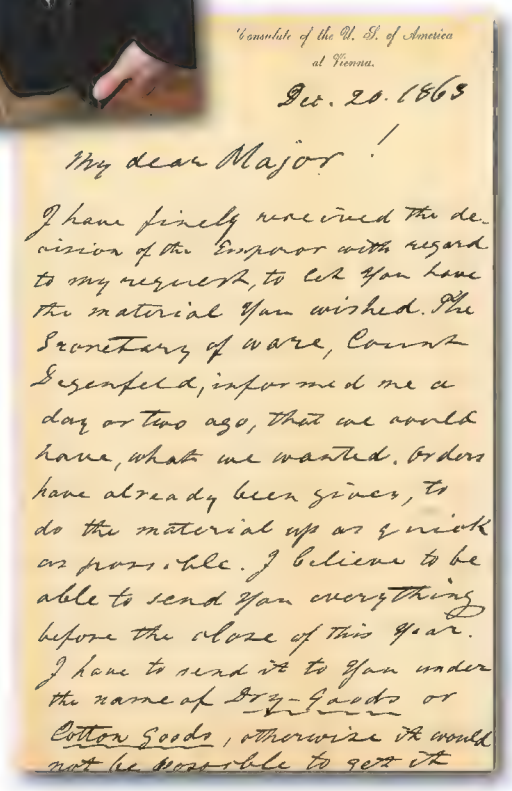
says. Some, certainly, are far more famous than others, but he will pursue the theft of any. "It's not for me to decide for the American public what's an important document or a relevant document or a critical document," he says. "They're all our documents. It's like deciding which child you like more in your family."

Protecting a family of documents is complicated by the very nature of the Archives and, indeed, of any special collection. Though rare books, maps and documents are not allowed to circulate like the latest best sellers, they are not locked away in vaults, either. They are meant to be requested and studied, and those who ask to inspect them are not strip-searched after they do so. Though security is extensive, it is possible to stuff an item inside a sock or shirt. President Bill Clinton's former national security adviser Samuel R. (Sandy) Berger strode out of Archives I with classified documents in 2003; he was ultimately caught and fined $50,000.

"If I come to the National Archives today and I have larceny in my blood, I can probably walk out and make some good money," Brachfeld says. "There are people that will do that."

Particularly after the Aubitz and Harner thefts, Brachfeld, who became inspector general in 1999, has pushed to make thievery more risky. "I want to make people scared," he says. He's hired an "investigative archivist" to help with cases; tightened security in rooms set aside for viewing documents; and cultivated "sentinels," people inside and outside the Archives who are alert to theft. If anyone—an employee, a private dealer, a citizen who loves history—sees a document for sale, "I want them to be somewhat skeptical, and be knowledgeable that I exist."

Dean Thomas, in other words, is Brachfeld's kind of guy, the kind who picks up a phone when he sees something amiss.


Consulate of the U. S. of America
at Vienna.

Dec. 20. 1863

My dear Major!

I have timely received the decision of the Emperor with regard to my request, to let you have the material you wished. The Secretary of ware, Count Degenfeld, informed me a day or two ago, that we would have, what we wanted. Orders have already been given, to do the material up as quick as possible. I believe to be able to send you everything before the close of this year. I have to send it to you under the name of Dry-Goods or Cotton Goods, otherwise it would not be possible to get it

Among 164 documents taken by Denning McTague (in 2007, after pleading guilty in Philadelphia) was the first one Dean Thomas identified as stolen (below).

As soon as Thomas spoke with Special Agent Maltagliati, she had a suspect. This required no super-sleuthing. The seller's name had accompanied the eBay offers of Arsenal documents. Though it was possible that he had unwittingly bought them from the true thief, the name was a first-class lead. After hanging up with Thomas, Maltagliati phoned the Archives branch in Philadelphia, where the Frankford Arsenal documents had been been moved in 1980.

Until then, officials there knew nothing of a theft. But they certainly knew the name Maltagliati gave them: Denning McTague had just finished a two-month, unpaid internship at the Archives branch in Philadelphia. The conclusion was painfully clear. "I recall being really mad," says Leslie Simon, the director of archival operations at the branch.

McTague, who declined through his attorney to be interviewed for this article, was then 39, which might seem old for an intern. But his family business, Denning House Antiquarian Books and Manuscripts, had been struggling. So he had enrolled at State University of New York at Albany to pursue a master's degree in information systems in the hope of becoming a librarian, according to court records. Was hiring McTague unwise, given that his business involved precisely what the Archives held? "It gave me pause," Simon says. But his degree adviser had vouched for him.

Among McTague's tasks was to sort through Arsenal files for items to help mark the 150th anniversary of the Civil War, which begins in 2011. Simon recalls that he sometimes showed her Arsenal documents he liked, including "some of the things he ended up taking."

So, by lunch on September 25, an often-nettlesome part of an investigation—who did it—was in all likelihood settled. But an equally critical riddle remained.

What, precisely, had the perpetrator done?

If a house is burgled, figuring out what's gone is usually no challenge. But major libraries and archives often have so many rare items that they haven't been able to make a proper record of each one. It's not always obvious they've been robbed even when they have been.

The University of Texas, for example, learned only in 2001 that its copy of a rare 16th-century book on lettering had been swiped as part of a larger theft in the early 1990s. The school had acquired the book when it purchased a large collection, but the volume had been stolen before it was recorded in the main catalog. Inventory checks never detected its absence. Only when the book appeared on an auction-house list years later did the university realize it was gone.

Last year, the Archives discovered that it owned a letter written by President Abraham Lincoln three days after the Battle of Gettysburg. It reflected his hope that Union Gen. George Meade would pursue the beaten Confederate Army because its destruction could end the war. Despite its

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obvious importance, the Archives had no clue it even had the letter until an employee found it while searching Civil War files to answer a reference query. "We have no item-level inventory," Brachfeld says. "We can't. We have billions of records."

"With each passing day, these documents were at risk of being sold," says the assistant inspector general.

In Philadelphia, the Archives knew that among the boxes in its 11 basement rooms were Frankford Arsenal documents, but it did not know the contents of each box. There was no easy way to find out what was no longer inside. Agents could raid McTague's house to recover what he had not yet sold. But if he wasn't keeping the documents there, and if he refused to cooperate after being arrested, the Archives might never know the total number he took or where he cached the remainder. So instead of going after the suspect immediately, investigators went after the documents. They would buy them on the open market, find the hiding place, or both.

After making the 83-mile drive to Gettysburg, Maltagliati and a second agent crafted a sting operation. Jim Thomas would offer via e-mail to buy more documents from McTague, giving him a cellphone number so they could talk directly. If McTague called, however, the phone would be answered by an agent pretending to be Jim. If a buy could be arranged, the government would get firsthand evidence—and maybe a crop of documents.

But the sting would take a while. "With each passing day, these documents were at risk of being sold to third parties or being damaged," says Ross W. Weiland, the Archives assistant inspector general. Moreover, investigators were contacting people who had bought Arsenal documents, raising the likelihood that word of the pursuit would reach McTague. So, as the sting was being put in place, federal agents also tried to figure out from where McTague was mailing the documents he sold. If they could find out, they would go after what was left.

Simultaneously, in Philadelphia, Simon and the branch archivist, Jefferson Moak, were using the few clues they had to pin down what was missing from the Arsenal files. "They were working day and night," Maltagliati says. "I could tell by the e-mails I was getting at home."

From eBay, of course, the pair learned not only what was for sale but what had sold. But they could not assume that was everything, so they used deduction to identify other stolen documents. For example, Arsenal officials had often replied to letters from munitions companies. If a copy of such a reply was still in the files, but the incoming letter to which the reply referred was not, McTague probably had it.

In time, the tally of the missing reached 164 documents. To this day Simon wonders if there are more.

McTague's résumé "gave me pause," Leslie Simon says, but she hired him after his college adviser vouched for him.

Not long after dawn on October 16, 2006, a surprisingly formidable team of federal raiders gathered outside a row

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house on the fringe of downtown Philadelphia. Six were from the inspector general's office; two came from the Archives branch office and three were from the FBI. Some were armed and wore bulletproof vests. In part, a force of 11 showed how seriously the Archives took the case. It was also simple prudence. They were invading someone's world, someone who might be afraid and stressed. A suspect "can just go crazy," Maltagliati says.

Through the cellphone sting, agents had learned from McTague himself that he was keeping the documents in his first-floor apartment. So they got a search warrant, wanting to retrieve the papers before any could be lost or damaged.

Simon, 53, a career archivist, had never been on a raid, and recalls feeling "weird" about entering a dwelling uninvited. But she had a vital role: to identify what belonged to the United States. She brought along a list of possible items.

Except for a cat, no one was home.

Moments after entering, Simon saw an obvious place to look—a wooden map case of the sort libraries and map dealers use. About then, though, a neighbor appeared, having noticed a swarm of people inside the McTague apartment. That led, eventually, to a telephone number for a house in rural New York that McTague's family had owned for many years. An FBI agent dialed it. McTague answered. Within minutes, he confessed.

"First telephone confession I've ever seen," Eric W. Sitarchuk, McTague's attorney, would later tell a judge.

More than in many theft cases, the admission removed a huge hurdle, which is proving provenance—proving who originally owned an object. There is only one *Mona Lisa,* in the Louvre, and if it were stolen and recovered, there would be no doubt whose *Mona Lisa* it was. But the makers of a

PAY DIRT IN MONTANA

A librarian's sleuthing turns up a crime with at least 100 victims

AFTER A THIEF ripped 648 pages of historic maps, lithographs and other items from books at Western Washington University (WWU) in Bellingham in February 2006, librarian Rob Lopresti kept an eye on eBay, hoping to spot the stolen items as they were fenced. And spot some he did. His sleuthing, investigators say, helped expose a lucrative history-for-sale scheme that might have more victims than any in recent years.

On December 12, 2007, law enforcement officers used a warrant to search a house in Great Falls, Montana, where they discovered roughly 1,000 books from the 18th, 19th and early 20th centuries that had been taken from at least 100 university and local libraries across the country, according to Great Falls detective Bruce McDermott. Besides the books, he says, they found some 20,000 individual pages of maps and other documents, each apparently ripped from a book.

In contrast, the thief in the most publicized recent rare-documents case, map dealer E. Forbes Smiley III, stole from only half a dozen libraries before he was caught in 2005. And Gilbert Bland, a map dealer whose crimes in the 1990s became the subject of a book titled *The Island of Lost Maps*, struck only 19 libraries.

In the Montana case, McDermott says, records at the house suggest that the enterprise completed more than 9,000 eBay deals in 2007 alone, grossing almost $500,000. As of late February, no arrests had been made, but McDermott says there is a suspect and an indictment is expected.

The breakthrough in Great Falls came after Lopresti used a feature on eBay that alerted him whenever an item that contained certain key words was offered for sale. He and his staff had chosen about 40 such terms because various stolen pages contained them. Within a month, Lopresti says, it was apparent that an eBay seller in Montana had many pages similar to those taken from WWU.

Eventually, Lopresti says, he turned to two friends on the East Coast to act as buyers, because the seller might be leery about bids coming from Washington State. The friends won the bidding for two suspicious pages, and in September 2006, the state crime lab matched their paper and tear marks with torn pages in WWU books.

More than a year passed, however, before authorities obtained the search warrant. Sgt. Bianca L. Smith of the WWU police attributes the delay in part to the complexity of a case involving two states, Washington and Montana, and the federal government. She notes, too, that no one was in physical danger. During the long wait, Lopresti says, he kept seeing items sold on eBay that might have belonged to WWU. "I was going crazy," he says.

BRIAN SMALE

Identifying the legitimate owners of the books found at the Great Falls house should not be difficult, because most contain library stamps or catalog numbers. But matching the thousands of individual pages with libraries might prove impossible, because a single map or photo ripped from a volume rarely has marks identifying where it came from. A page could be from any existing copy of a book, and there might be many copies around the world.

Meanwhile, Lopresti and WWU have dramatically stepped up security, so that history cannot walk out the door again. **—S.T.**

16th-century map or 17th-century book usually made many "originals." Letter-writers made copies, too. So a suspect can claim that a vintage document in his possession was not stolen but obtained legitimately. The victimized library or archive might not have indisputable records to the contrary.

The defense attorney called it "a sad lapse." The judge pronounced it "an offense against everyone in this room."

A task force of the American Library Association, assembled after the Smiley case, has proposed that institutions mark each map with a stamp of ownership in a place that "cannot be cut away without leaving an obvious incision," and that catalogs note unique features, such as stains, to distinguish each map from sibling originals. A modern, obvious ownership stamp on an old document is not a universally popular solution and marking tens of thousands of items would consume vast quantities of time and dollars. But, Harvard's Cobb says, "Any institution needs to make that commitment."

Victims who remain quiet about theft are "sleeping with the enemy," librarian Rob Lopresti says.

McTague's phone confession eliminated any need to prove that documents at his house or sold on eBay belonged to the American people. Checking the map case in his apartment, investigators found 88 Arsenal documents, all in good condition. Added to 73 documents recovered from eBay buyers, the Archives now had all but three of its missing documents. Those three seem to have disappeared, lost in the triangle linking McTague, his buyers and shipping companies.

By standard yardsticks, McTague was a candidate for leniency. He had no prior criminal record. He had cooperated. He had reimbursed every eBay buyer. The street value of his takings was relatively small, estimated by the Archives at $24,271.61. Finally, his career as a librarian was ruined, which was considerable punishment in itself.

On the day of sentencing, July 12, 2007, McTague entered Courtroom 10B of the federal courthouse in Philadelphia wearing the expression of a humiliated man. Behind the defendant's table, in the wooden pews, sat members of his family, including his wife. Nearby were Maltagliati and others from the Archives.

In a court filing, McTague's attorney had argued that no prison time was warranted. The crime was a "sad lapse in an otherwise honest and law-abiding life," Sitarchuk had written. McTague had "found adulthood, particularly making a living, an ever-growing struggle." Repeatedly, the lawyer went on, his client had been turned down for full-time library jobs, and the thefts had come at "a point of despair and despondency."

Wearing a blue blazer, beige slacks and a blue tie, McTague rose and stood at a lectern before U.S. District Court Judge Stewart Dalzell. "I've created a mess," began the defendant, a slim, bookish-looking man with glasses. He apologized to the Archives. He apologized to his family and began to weep. He apologized to librarians everywhere. "I'm so deeply sorry," he said.

In its court filing, the government portrayed the crime not as a lapse but as a calculated, money-making undertaking. In a statement to the court, Allen Weinstein, the Archivist of the United States, wrote that the theft had undercut "the fundamental integrity" of the Archives, because researchers would never know whether McTague took documents still unknown. He must be imprisoned, the government said, for at least 12 months.

To Dalzell, Weinstein's words were "extraordinarily powerful." The judge agreed that "this is an offense against everyone in this room." Original documents have an "absolute uniqueness," he said, and people "must be deterred from even thinking about" stealing them.

Fifteen months, Dalzell decided.

At various gatherings of memorabilia collectors these days, Inspector General Brachfeld's "investigative archivist," Mitchell Yockelson, sets up a table to distribute brochures on how dealers can spot stolen federal documents.

And these days every piece of outgoing mail at the Philadelphia branch of the Archives is inspected to make sure that no employee is mailing historic documents to a safe address to sell later. At the reference desk, two employees, not one, must be present when a visitor is using the "fishbowl," a glass-walled room where requested documents are brought for perusal. There were four interns last summer, down from seven the year before, the better to keep an eye on them.

But perfect security for a special collection or an archive will never exist, and their contents will never lose allure. Cobb, the map curator at Harvard, believes map losses might be rising as thieves try to satisfy buyers who have discovered that maps are historical, colorful and conversational—and not as expensive as traditional artwork. While most of the Archives' holdings are never going to fetch prices comparable to rare maps and old books, the Internet makes them just as easy to sell.

In the inspector general's office, Brachfeld knows that no matter how many cameras, guards and restrictions are out there, someone could be slipping a piece of the past between the pages of a yellow legal pad, just as Denning McTague did. "I don't know if this is a great day today, and not one record is being stolen from the National Archives," Brachfeld says, "or if, while you and I are talking, somebody's walking out of the building at this moment."

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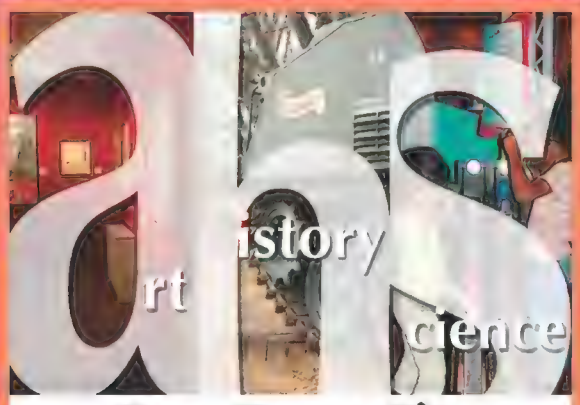

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Major-league teams from coast to coast are turning to third-generation groundskeeper **Roger Bossard** to give them a winning edge

The Sodfather

BY MIKE THOMAS • PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM KLEIN

Harry Caray is smiling. Gazing down through outsized specs as a sign on a bar's rooftop high above Sheffield Avenue, the late, legendary baseball broadcaster looks as if he's seeing history in the making. Which he is. For on this cold and sunny October morning, Caray's beloved Wrigley Field is finally getting the face-lift it so desperately needs. If all goes well, the Chicago ballpark where Babe Ruth called his home run shot in 1932, where Ernie Banks smacked his 500th in 1970, where hope and heartbreak spring eternal, will look and play better than ever. So, even, might its famously cursed team (and Caray's longtime employer), the Chicago Cubs. The last time the Cubs clinched the World Series was in 1908. As Harry might exclaim, "Holy Cow!"

America's second-oldest major-league ballpark (after Boston's Fenway) and the Cubs' home since 1916, Wrigley took its name from chewing gum magnate and baseball maven William Wrigley Jr. Years later, Banks, who played both shortstop and first base from 1953 to 1971, dubbed Wrigley the "Friendly Confines"—a nickname that sticks today.

FAMILY BUSINESS: Roger Bossard (with his groundskeeping father, Gene, in the late 1970s) started pitching in at age 14 or 15. "You don't realize it's embedded," he says.

ROGER BOSSARD COLLECTION / OIL-DRI CORPORATION

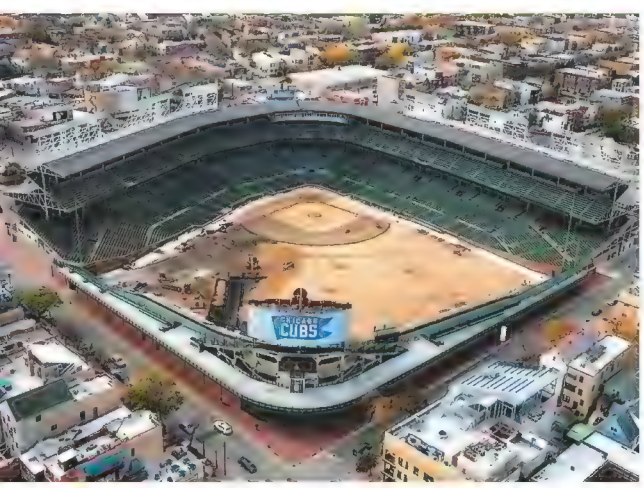
GRASSED OFF: After a rock concert at the "Cell" (above), Bossard confronted the White Sox chairman: "It's bad for my grass."

But after field-pummeling rock concerts and a turf-torching fungus wreaked havoc on the grounds last summer, that cheery handle grew somewhat less apt. Wrigley has long been a fine place for watching games—what with ivy-covered brick walls, an old-fashioned, manually operated scoreboard and celebrities singing (or, in former Bears coach Mike Ditka's case, bleating) of peanuts and Cracker Jack during festive seventh-inning stretches. Increasingly, however, it was less swell for playing baseball—especially in right field, where the uneven surface caused ground balls to take odd, potentially error-causing hops. Sight lines from both dugouts were less than ideal too, courtesy of a pronounced "crown" that obscured the feet of infielders and made outfielders appear as floating torsos. Not to mention the field's rain drainage system, which hadn't been upgraded in decades.

Fortunately, the nation's top diamond doctor makes house calls. And he just happens to work nearby. His name is Roger Bossard and he's the head groundskeeper for the Chicago White Sox—yes, the Cubs' crosstown rivals. But his athletic affiliation matters less than his track record. In 1984, a member of the Saudi royal family hired Bossard to build the first-ever natural-turf soccer field in the desert. Accepting the challenge with typical brio, Bossard filled two jumbo jets with California sod and squired them overseas. With the help of a desalination unit to rid the grass of salty sand and a double-irrigation system to provide plenty of water, he succeeded in working a minor miracle. And while the Professional Golfers' Association, the National Football League and various Amer-

JONATHAN DANIEL / GETTY IMAGES; JOHN SMIERCIAK / CHICAGO TRIBUNE; STEVEN GREEN / CHICAGO CUBS; TIM KLEIN

THE DIAMOND DOCTOR MAKES HOUSE CALLS: Roger Bossard oversees a 2007 face-lift of Wrigley Field, bringing hope of a World Series



ican soccer clubs have also availed themselves of his services, baseball has been his true passion. No fewer than 10 of the last 16 major-league fields—several constructed from scratch, some extensively refurbished—are Bossard's handiwork. More impressively, five of the last seven World Series champs—the St. Louis Cardinals, the Arizona Diamondbacks, the Boston Red Sox (twice) and Bossard's very own White Sox—rose to glory on his state-of-the-art surfaces.

Five of the last seven World Series champs rose to glory on Bossard's state-of-the-art surfaces.

The Cubs could use some of that mojo. They know what any serious student of baseball knows: a top-notch groundskeeper is much more than a grass-cutting, dirt-digging laborer. He's a true craftsman and a crucial asset who must keep his field impeccably maintained. Above all else, the players crave consistency. "The thing that bugs them more than anything is if one day it's a brick and the next day it's soft," Bossard says.

So on this October morning, the "Sodfather" digs deep into still-soft dirt with a shovel. Nearby, bulldozers plow acres of sod into an ever-rising mound. Brontosaurus-size backhoes rumble in to clear 9,000 tons of earth. Next, Bossard begins laying out his patented drainage system: specially designed pitched and perforated pipes nestled in pea gravel topped by sand and blanketed by sod (in Wrigley's case, a heat- and humidity-resistant four-blend bluegrass from Colorado). The pure sand bed allows for proper gas and air exchange, which promotes optimal grass growth. (It also creates a desirable cushioning effect for the players.) Perhaps most important, Bossard's design prevents all but the most insistent game rainouts by quickly forcing water into a main, 12-inch "exhaust" vein feeding a large basin that empties into the city's sewer system. (In other, newer ballparks, he has installed as many as five veins, larger in diameter.) On a Bossard field, roughly 20 minutes after a downpour, it's "Play ball!"

Now in his 42nd season with the White Sox, Bossard, 59, has toiled in sod and soil since his teens. He studied agronomy at Purdue University but walked away from a college degree when he was offered a groundskeeping job at old Comiskey Park on Chicago's South Side. Over the years his calling has become his self-admitted obsession—one that rousts him from bed to plot and fret and keeps him road-bound for months on end. "I'm not a control freak at all," he says, "except for in my industry." While he's also a proud father and devoted husband, his go-go schedule leaves little time to spend with his wife of 19 years, Geri Lynn, and their two children, 17-year-old Brittany and 10-year-old Brandon. Consequently, he misses occasional birthdays, some Thanksgivings and more Little League games than he'd like. "That does bother me," Bossard says. "But I am from that old school. Certainly, I love what I do, but I also have to provide for the family, and that's what I do."

Roger Bossard is the inheritor of a groundskeeper dynasty. From 1936 to 1961, his Swiss-born grandfather Emil groomed League Park and Cleveland Municipal Stadium for the Cleveland Indians. Roger's father, Gene, was, at 22, the youngest head groundskeeper in the Major Leagues when he joined the White Sox at Comiskey in 1940. (Nearly 50 years later, Comiskey would be torn down and rebuilt across the street before assuming a new name, U.S. Cellular Field.) Gene turned the job over to his son in 1983.

Since then, the family legacy has rested on Roger's slight, strong shoulders. "There is an awful lot of pressure when you strive for perfection," he said in a 2002 interview. After a rock concert and other non-baseball events at the Cell (as it's commonly called) in 2006, White Sox Chairman Jerry Reinsdorf says, Roger came up to him wringing his hands. "He says, 'It's really bad for my grass,'" Reinsdorf recalls. "He said to me, 'How would you feel if a herd of elephants were to run over you?' I says, 'I wouldn't like it very much.' He says, 'Well, that's how my grass feels.' The grass is a living thing to him."

Bringing the living carpet at the Cell to its striped and verdant apotheosis in 1990 led, Bossard says, to two anxiety attacks that felt like coronaries. Accordingly, he coddles the field like a nervous father. "We were playing the Yankees and Roger Clemens was warming up in right field and he wasn't pitching," former White Sox pitcher and current sports announcer Ed Farmer remembers. "And Roger went out there and said

TIM KLEIN; CHARLES REX ARBOGAST / AP IMAGES; OIL-DRI CORPORATION

victory to long-suffering Chicago Cubs fans. Across town, at U.S. Cellular Field, he does much of the watering, mowing and raking himself.

to [Clemens], 'I'd like you to stop throwing here because you're digging up my outfield.'" Clemens left.

Such fierce turf territoriality notwithstanding, Bossard is actually more partial to his dirt than his grass. After all, he says, it's where 70 percent of the action takes place. So fond was he of old Comiskey's infield clay dirt that, before the crumbling stadium was razed, he filled trucks with 550 tons of it (which included the scattered ashes of several die-hard Sox fans) to build his field of dreams at the Cell.

There, assisted by a small crew, Bossard does much of the mowing, fertilizing, watering, sodding, rolling, raking and edging himself. During an hours-long process that precedes every home game, each position on the infield is repeatedly wet to suit each player's preferences (hard, soft or in between). Wielding an inch-and-a-quarter hose like an artist, Bossard adds brush strokes of water to a diamond-shaped canvas. For the third and final application, he screws on a misshapen brass nozzle that once belonged to his father. Hammer-pounded at the opening to produce a fine mist, its functionality is surpassed only by its sentimental value.

Among baseball insiders and fans, it's commonly believed that Bossard (like other groundskeepers) puts his talents to devious uses. "If the visitor's bullpen mound is not the same as the main mound, say it's just an inch off as far as the drop, it literally might take the opposing pitcher three batters, four batters, maybe an inning to adjust to the drop," he told Chicago Public Radio last year. "Now, once again, I would *never* do anything like this. These are things that I've *heard* of."

Perhaps at the dinner table. Grandfather Emil, who became known as the "evil genius of groundskeepers," was a whiz at what is euphemistically called maximizing the home field advantage. Over time he honed several techniques, including tilting base lines in or out so balls rolled fair or foul, digging up or tamping down base paths to prevent or abet stealing, leaving grass long or clipping it short to slow or speed grounders. He also moved the outfield fences back 12 to 15 feet to stymie the home-run-slugging Yankees. By and large, his tricks were employed selectively to bolster home team strengths and take advantage of opponent teams' weaknesses. And just about everyone, even superstars, fell victim. Years after his 56-game hitting streak ended in 1941, Joe DiMaggio remarked that Emil and his sons had helped ruin the run. "The Yankees hated to come [to Cleveland]," DiMaggio said, "because our every defensive flaw was exploited by the Bossards the way they prepared the playing field."

Emil's contributions were so critical that Indians manager Lou Boudreau called him "the tenth man in our lineup." The stellar condition of Emil's field, combined with his surreptitious diamond doctoring, facilitated more than a few Tribe victories. "I wouldn't be surprised if [Emil] helped us win as many as ten games a year," Boudreau told *Baseball Digest* in 1955. During Emil's tenure, the team won the World Series in 1948 and a pennant in 1954.

By the time Emil died, in 1980, Gene had presided over Comiskey Park for 40 years without witnessing a World Series trophy in White Sox hands—the result, some said, of a curse the team suffered following the "Black Sox" gambling scandal of 1919. But it wasn't for lack of trying. More than a few players were grateful for Gene's efforts. All-star Sox second baseman Nellie Fox was a better bunter thanks to raised base lines. Those who needed speed, such as Sox sprinters Luis Aparicio and Minnie Miñoso, found a bit more pep in their steps on Gene's extra-firm base paths.

And, like his father, Gene was a master at tweaking the terrain. Opponents lost their footing on tractionless mud, grounders fizzled on shaggy grass and bunts went foul

Tips From the Top

The Roger Bossard way to great grass:

1. Fertilize six times a year.
2. Apply grub control insecticide at the end of April and in late July or early August.
3. Aerate the lawn once in the spring and again in the fall. It helps increase the percolation rate of water, allows the proper gas exchange and alleviates organic buildup from clippings.
4. Cut the grass every three or four days.
5. Never cut off more than one-third of your plant. Keep your lawn at one and three-quarters to two inches.
6. Bagging beats mulching for those who mow once or twice a week.
7. A typical rotary mower is fine, but sharpen the blade every season. —M.T.

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"EVIL GENIUS": **(Left to right) Emil Bossard, flanked by two of his sons in 1948, knew every groundskeeping trick in the book. Joe DiMaggio even chided him for ending his hitting streak in 1941. During Emil's reign, the Indians won the 1948 World Series.**

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FIELD CAPTAIN: Bossard (above: at the 2005 World Series) got a championship ring for his role in the White Sox victory.

when they should have gone fair. Among Gene's most cunning inventions was an infamous bog near home plate that came to be known as "Bossard's Swamp." The quicksand-like patch of dirt slowed ground balls that were hit off the Sox's low-slung, sinkerball pitches.

Roger's initiation into the family business began early. "Every Christmas, every Thanksgiving, when all the family [got] together, all the kids—we're always hearing my two uncles and Grandpa and my dad talking about players, different teams, different soils, different grasses, different fertilizers, what new technique can we come up with," he recalls. "At the time, you don't realize it's embedded in your mind. Then all of a sudden, at 14 or 15, Dad says, 'Can you come down Sunday, the team's out of town, and give me a hand?'"

Roger officially came on board (part time, at first) during the 1967 pennant season. After waiting nearly four decades for a World Series title, he came down with the flu after the White Sox finally won in 2005 and couldn't attend his team's victory parade in downtown Chicago. He was, however, the first to get a diamond-encrusted championship ring (even before the players) when fans packed the Cell to celebrate. Except for the birth of his two children, he says, the post-series honor was "the greatest thing that ever happened to me."

On a cloudy and cool morning in late November, Wrigley's face-lift is complete. But is the team worthy of its new field? "I can't say I want the Cubs to [win a World Series] . . . obviously being a Sox person," Bossard confessed to *Chicago Tribune* reporter Paul Sullivan. "Let's just say I hope the Cubs are in it next year, playing us."

Meanwhile, Bossard has begun to think of hanging up his hose—or at least cutting back, in eight or nine years. "There's no way I could hit a light switch and just shut it off," he says. And if Brandon, his 10-year-old son, wants to continue the family business, that would be just fine. Bossard *père* has already seen early signs of interest. "This past year I take him out [to the Cell] and we play catch, I hit him fly balls and then I do some of the work I need to do," Roger says. "And doggone if he doesn't grab the hose and I don't tell him a thing. I gotta tell you, it almost brought a tear to my eye because it brought me back to when I was a kid."

MIKE THOMAS, *a staff writer for the* Chicago Sun-Times, *has written for* Esquire *and* Salon.com. *Chicago-based photographer* **TIM KLEIN** *specializes in documentary and portrait photography.*

JEFF ROBERSON / AP IMAGES

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"Those Aren't Rumors"

Two decades ago an anonymous telephone call sank Gary Hart's presidential campaign—and rewrote the rules of political reporting **BY DICK POLMAN**

WHEN TOM FIEDLER'S phone rang the evening of April 27, 1987, he thought it might be another crank call, the kind political reporters get all the time. But Fiedler, a veteran campaign chronicler for the *Miami Herald*, couldn't ignore the caller's message: "Gary Hart is having an affair with a friend of mine."

At the time, Hart, a married U.S. senator from Colorado, was the front-runner for the 1988 Democratic presidential nomination. In announcing his candidacy two weeks earlier, he had vowed to hew to "the very highest standards of integrity and ethics," but he had since been besieged by rumors—all unsubstantiated—that he was a philanderer. Some of the innuendo had appeared

"Have you ever committed adultery?" Hart (facing the press in New Hampshire in 1987) was asked. By the time the "Monkey Business" photograph (top) was published, he had left the race.

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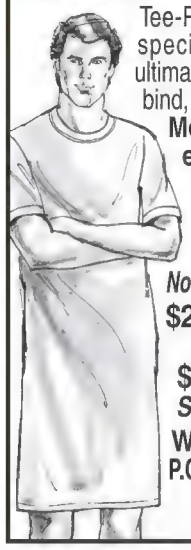

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in coverage by the mainstream media. Fiedler had deplored that practice in print, concluding in that morning's *Herald*: "In a harsh light, the media reports themselves are rumor-mongering, pure and simple."

"Those aren't rumors," Fiedler's caller told him that April evening.

Fiedler began investigating. Within days he found himself staking out Hart's town house in Washington, D.C.—and thinking, he recalls today, "This is nuts. What am I doing? This is not what a political journalist does."

Up until then, it wasn't. But the Hart saga would change the rules of the game.

BEFORE THE 1988 presidential campaign, American political reporters generally observed an unwritten rule: a politician's private life was private, absent compelling evidence that personal conduct was affecting public performance. It was considered no breach of duty when the press corps turned a blind eye to President John F. Kennedy's extramarital adventures—and left it to Senate investigators to discover, 12 years after his death, that the 35th president had shared one of his mistresses with a mob boss.

That all changed on Sunday, May 3,

"I have no personal relationship with the individual you are following," Hart (right) told *Herald* reporter Jim McGee (left).

1987, when Fiedler and his colleague Jim McGee told *Herald* readers: "Gary Hart, the Democratic presidential candidate who has dismissed allegations of womanizing, spent Friday night and most of Saturday in his Capitol Hill town house with a young woman who flew from Miami and met him." Three days later, on May 6, *Washington Post* reporter Paul Taylor asked the candidate point-blank at a New Hampshire news conference: "Have you ever committed adultery?" "I do not think that's a fair question," Hart replied. But two days later, following a tsunami of news coverage, he quit the race, excoriating a process that "reduces the press of this nation to hunters and presidential candidates to being hunted." By then a raucous debate over the propriety of reporting on candidates' personal lives had already begun.

Fiedler was pilloried by many of his colleagues for invading the candidate's personal terrain, but he says he has no regrets. "It all played out exactly the way it had to," says Fiedler, now a fellow at Harvard University's John F. Kennedy School of Government. "We

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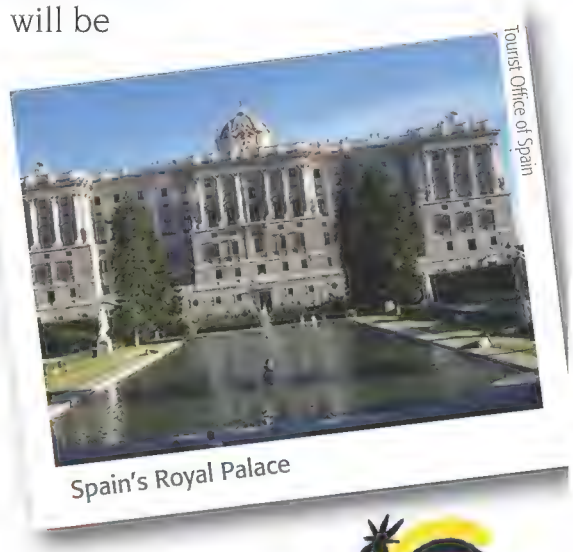

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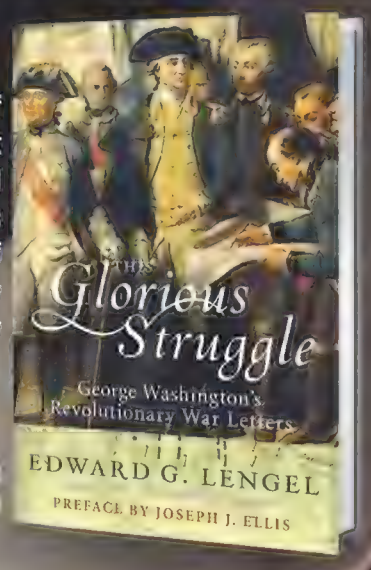

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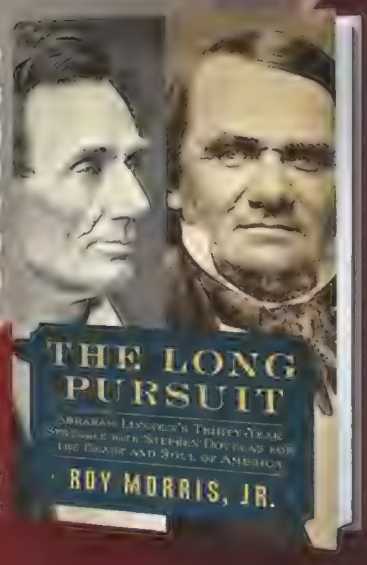

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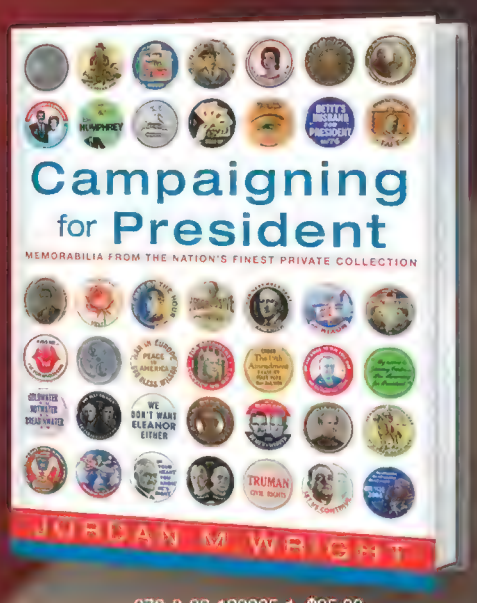

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"It all played out exactly the way it had to," says Tom Fiedler (in 2005). "We were . . . playing the role of truth-testers."

were in a position, in the media, of playing the role of truth-testers." There was a significant gap, he says, between Hart's words and his actions, "and we thought we had an obligation to do something about it."

Taylor, now executive vice president of the Pew Research Center, a think tank based in Washington, says the Hart story "was a milestone in the evolution of our cultural norms, and our press norms. Today, for better or worse, there is more [scrutiny of candidates' private lives] than there used to be."

The *Washington Post*'s Taylor also took considerable heat for crossing a threshold two decades ago. Columnist Edwin Yoder inveighed against what he called "totalitarian journalism"; other commentators warned that future generations of political reporters would be emboldened to probe candidates' private lives as a matter of routine. Taylor, also, says he had no qualms then and has none today.

"I'm delighted with the way I acted in the moment, and in my reflections thereafter," he says, referring to the question he put to Hart in New Hampshire. He says he felt he had had no choice; many sources had told him that Hart was reckless in his personal life, and even after the *Herald* published

BILL COOKE / AP IMAGES

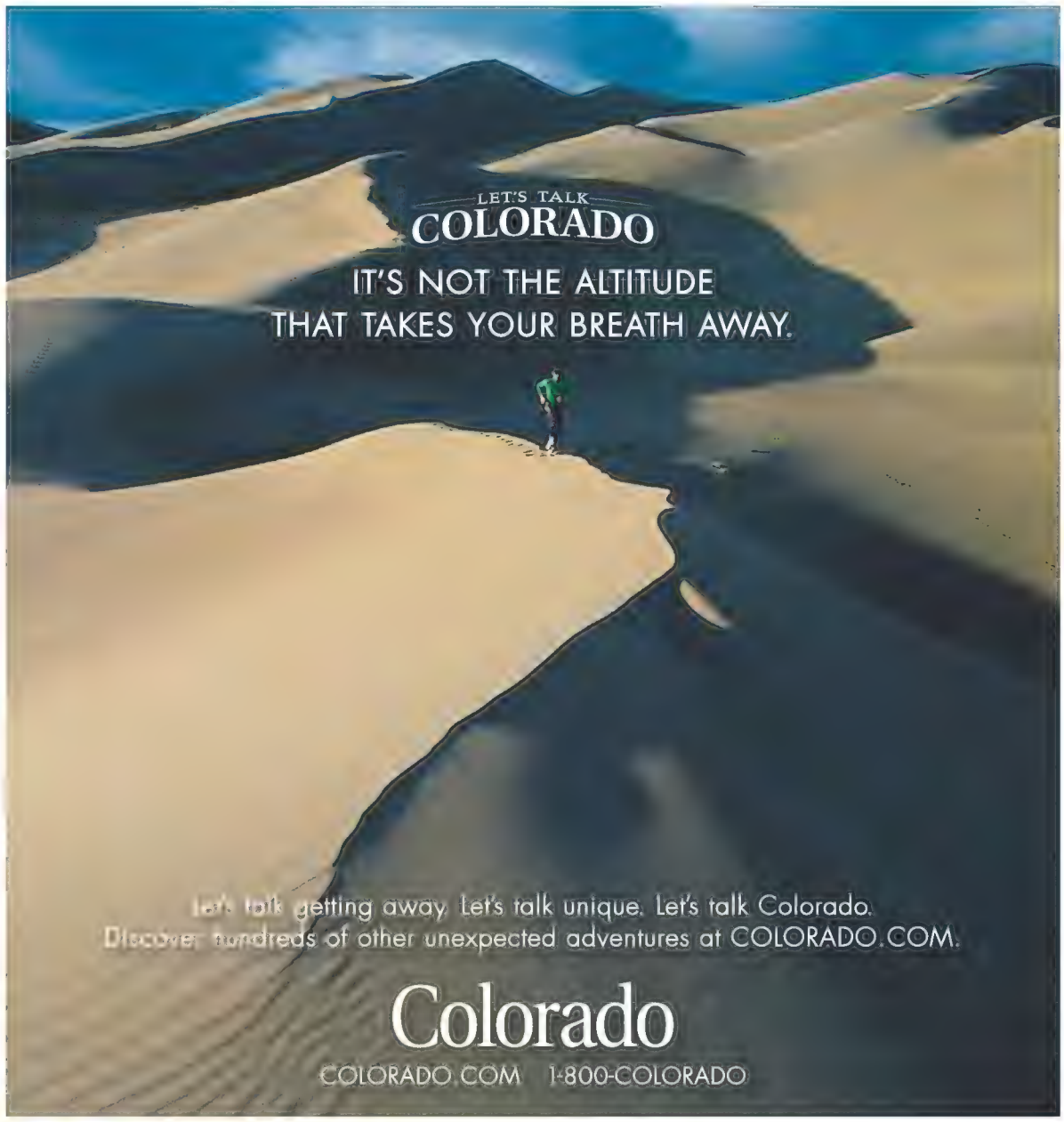
Fiedler and McGee's story, the candidate declared that he had always held himself "to a high standard of public and private conduct."

Hart, who declined to comment for this article, certainly did not intend this journalistic watershed to be his legacy. A lanky loner who kept his emotions to himself, he had determined in 1987 to seek the presidency on the issues. But even before he announced his candidacy, reporters had begun tapping their sources—including some ex-Hart advisers who had worked on his unsuccessful 1984 presidential bid—for off-the-record anecdotes about how he spent his free time. Indeed, Taylor and his *Washington Post* colleagues had debated how to cover the candidate more than a month before the *Herald* published its town house story.

"We kicked around the obvious questions," Taylor recalled in his 1990 book, *See How They Run*. "If a candidate for president is believed to be a womanizer, but there's no suggestion that his sexual activities have ever interfered with his public duties, is it even worth investigating, much less publishing? Is there a statute of limitations, or is screwing around in the past tense just as newsworthy as in the present? Is a series of one-night stands more reportable than a single long-term extramarital affair?" And, perhaps most important, "is Hart a special case, or if we begin looking into his mating habits, must we do the same with everyone else running for president?"

THE MERE FACT of that newsroom debate was an indication that times were changing. A new generation of reporters, including a few women, was ascendant. And many men, having come of age amid the women's movement, were sensitized to the idea that women must be respected inside and outside of marriage and the belief that "the personal is political."

At the same time, thanks to party reforms crafted in 1969, candidates were no longer being anointed by boss-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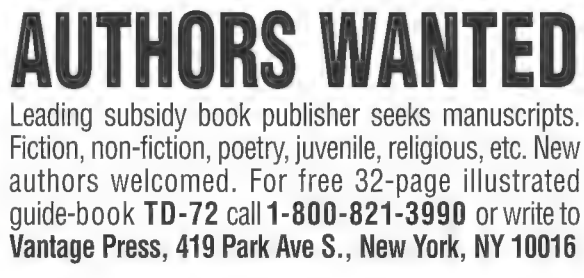
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es in smoke-filled rooms. Primary campaigns—and the press coverage of them—had become the arena in which candidates were vetted. And the lesson of Watergate and President Richard Nixon's resignation was that personal traits mattered—arguably more than a candidate's positions on issues.

As early as 1979, journalist Suzannah Lessard had articulated the new thinking in an article for the *Washington Monthly*: "A presidential candidate is asking for a much greater mandate from the citizenry, and so he must tolerate a much greater sacrifice of privacy," she wrote. With respect to philandering, "a politician's willingness to deceive in this matter does not encourage one about his honesty in others."

Many of those who recall the Hart imbroglio also recall the challenge he issued to the press in the form of a quotation that appeared in a profile about the candidate in the May 3 issue of the *New York Times Magazine*: "Follow me around. I don't care," he had told reporter E.J. Dionne Jr. "I'm serious. If anybody wants to put a tail on me, go ahead. They'd be very bored."

But by the time Fiedler read that, he was already on a plane out of Miami, heading for Hart's town house on Capitol Hill.

FIEDLER'S TIPSTER had told him that Hart would be entertaining a woman at his town house the night of Friday, May 1. (Lee Hart, the candidate's wife then and now, would be at the couple's home in Colorado.) In subsequent calls, the tipster provided details. The intended guest was her friend, an attractive woman in her late 20s who spoke with a Southern accent. The caller refused to identify her friend by name or to provide her own but said the friend was scheduled to fly out of Miami that Friday.

She didn't supply a flight number, and Fiedler didn't know Hart's address in Washington. McGee, Fiedler's colleague, raced to the airport, guessing that the mystery woman would take a 5:30 p.m. Eastern Airlines flight to the capital. Fiedler, who stayed behind to work

the phones, eventually learned Hart's Washington address from a Senate aide.

At the ticket counter McGee spied a woman who fit the tipster's description. He bought a ticket, shadowed her on the plane and watched as she was met in Washington—by another woman. He figured he had caught the wrong flight.

McGee then phoned a colleague in Washington, got Hart's address, took a cab to the neighborhood and stationed himself across the street. At 9:30 p.m., he saw the door swing open and Hart emerge—accompanied by the woman from the Eastern flight. McGee phoned Fiedler, who flew up the next morning (reading the *New York Times Magazine* profile en route), along with a photographer and an editor, and the surveillance continued.

After seeing the woman leave and reenter the town house on Saturday night, the *Herald* reporters confronted Hart outside. They later reported Hart's denials: "No one is staying in my house. . . . I have no personal relationship with the individual you are following." When the reporters asked to speak with the woman, Hart replied, "I don't have to produce anyone."

The *Herald* story, which ran the next morning, was widely read—and roundly criticized. The Capitol Hill surveillance had not been airtight, particularly during the wee hours of Saturday; the woman, later identified as Miami model-actress Donna Rice, might not have spent the night at the town house. At the same time, the *Herald* reporters were assailed by pundits and readers alike as peeping Toms.

But the story was taken seriously across town at the *Washington Post*, where Paul Taylor and his editors had already concluded that because Hart's private behavior raised broader questions about his judgment and honesty, it was fair game. That conclusion, and Hart's declaration that he held himself to a high moral standard, lay behind Taylor's question about adultery in New Hampshire.

Hart's refusal to answer it ("I'm not going to get into a theological defini-

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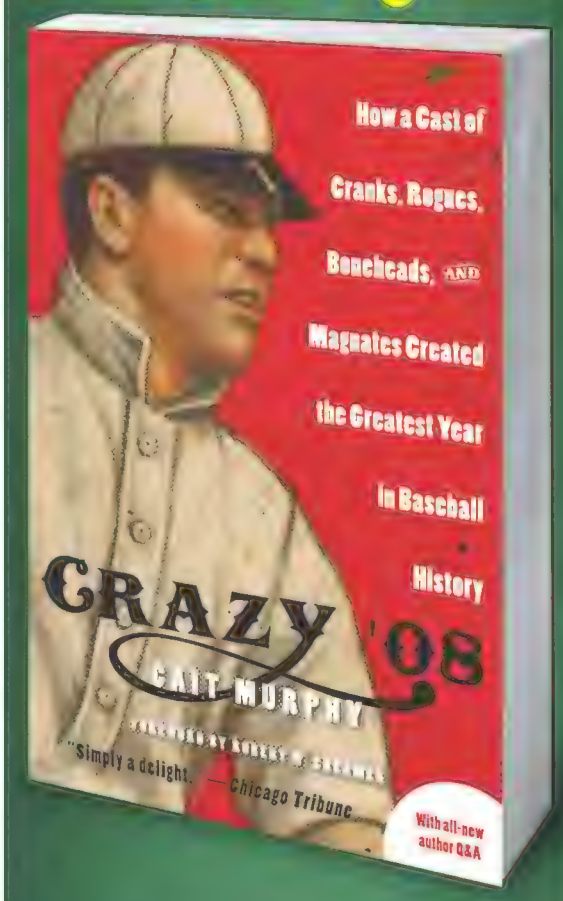
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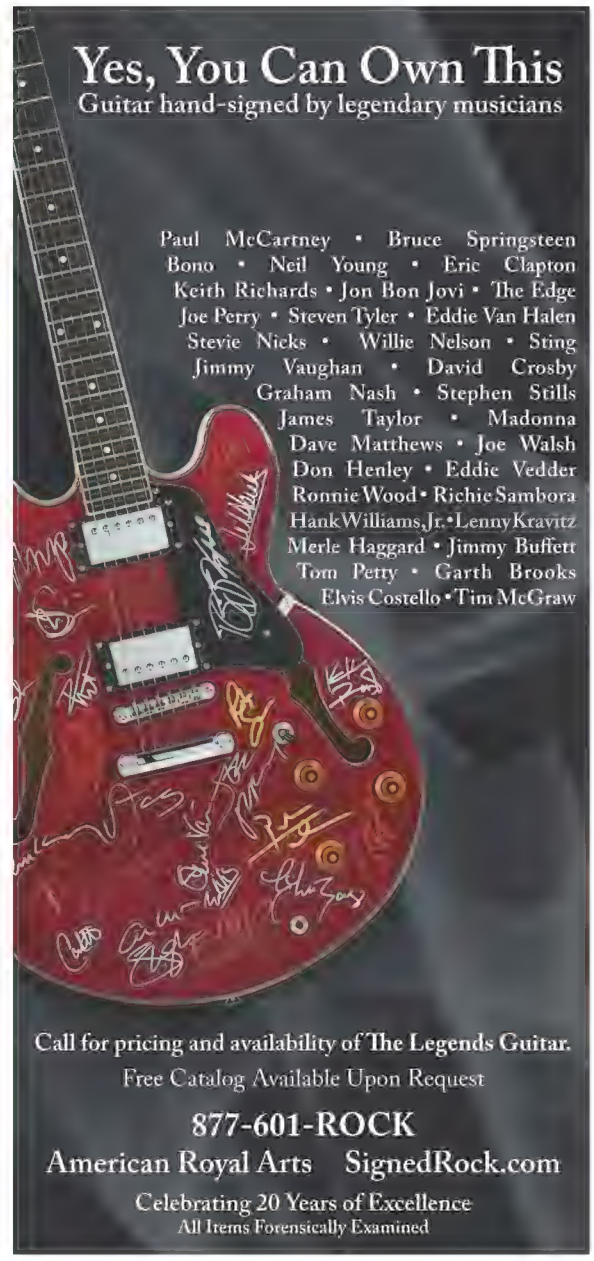
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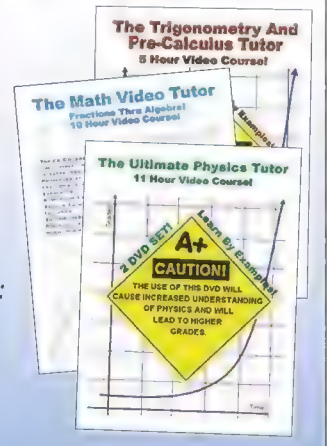
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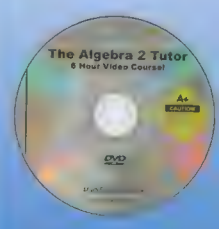

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tion of what constitutes adultery," he said) did nothing to make it go away. By then, he had come under fire for having vacationed with Rice in Bimini a month before, aboard a boat named, wouldn't you know, *Monkey Business*. Rice herself had volunteered this information to reporters on May 4. At no point during the fateful week after the *Herald*'s story broke did Hart apologize to the electorate or concede any personal flaws; to the end, he insisted that he was the innocent victim of a censorious press.

Hart quit the race on May 8 (weeks before the *National Enquirer* published a photograph of him wearing a "Monkey Business Crew" T-shirt with Rice on his lap). His departure raised considerable alarm, even within the news business, that future political reporters would behave like vice detectives, scouring candidates' personal lives and clearing the field for only the most impeccably—or unrealistically—virtuous.

NOTHING SO DRASTIC has happened. Most journalists generally shrink from that assignment.

At the same time, candidates are subjected to increased scrutiny. That is partly because politics has become more partisan over the past 20 years and partly because nontraditional media have moved into the political arena. "With bloggers and talk radio and the more partisan media in full flower, the norms of what's a story and what's not a story have been broadened," says Tom Rosenstiel, a former *Los Angeles Times* reporter who covered media and politics in the early 1990s and who now directs the Pew Project for Excellence in Journalism. ". . . It is a given now that everything is fair game."

In 1992, the supermarket tabloids—with help from Bill Clinton's opponents in Arkansas—reported allegations that the Democratic presidential candidate had had a long affair with a lounge singer named Gennifer Flowers. In 1998, as the House debated whether to impeach Clinton for lying about his indiscretions, House Speaker-elect Robert L. Livingston resigned after

Hustler magazine publisher Larry Flynt got a tip that Livingston had conducted extramarital affairs. In 2004, Matt Drudge, the self-styled muckraker who runs drudgereport.com, trumpeted a rumor that presidential candidate John Kerry had committed "an alleged infidelity" with a Senate intern.

And yes, the mainstream press does probe private lives, when it feels they are relevant. A weeklong media frenzy followed Drudge's supposed Kerry scoop; no one found anything to corroborate it. At the beginning of the current campaign, there was copious coverage of GOP candidate Rudy Giuliani's marital difficulties. A *New York Times* report in February on the ties between presumptive Republican nominee John McCain and a female lobbyist was indeed widely criticized—but less for being inappropriate than for presenting the uncorroborated accusations of anonymous former McCain staffers.

For candidates, this is tricky terrain. Some try simply to put their actions in the most favorable light. Clinton went on CBS' "60 Minutes" to say that he and his wife had had "problems in our marriage," but that their bond was strong. Giuliani said only that he and his third wife, Judith, "love each other very much."

But campaigns are not, ultimately, about the candidates and the press; the voters have the last word. And for them, revelations of unsaintly behavior are not necessarily fatal. Despite his impeachment, Clinton left office in 2001 with a public approval rating of more than 60 percent for his job performance; Giuliani's marital history did not prevent him from polling strongly among Republicans on the eve of the primaries. Paul Taylor calls the phenomenon "the widening of the circle of acceptability."

Voters now "are increasingly willing to view these scandals on a case-by-case basis," Tom Rosenstiel says. "In terms of how we process this kind of information, we've all grown up a bit."

DICK POLMAN *is the national political columnist at the* Philadelphia Inquirer.

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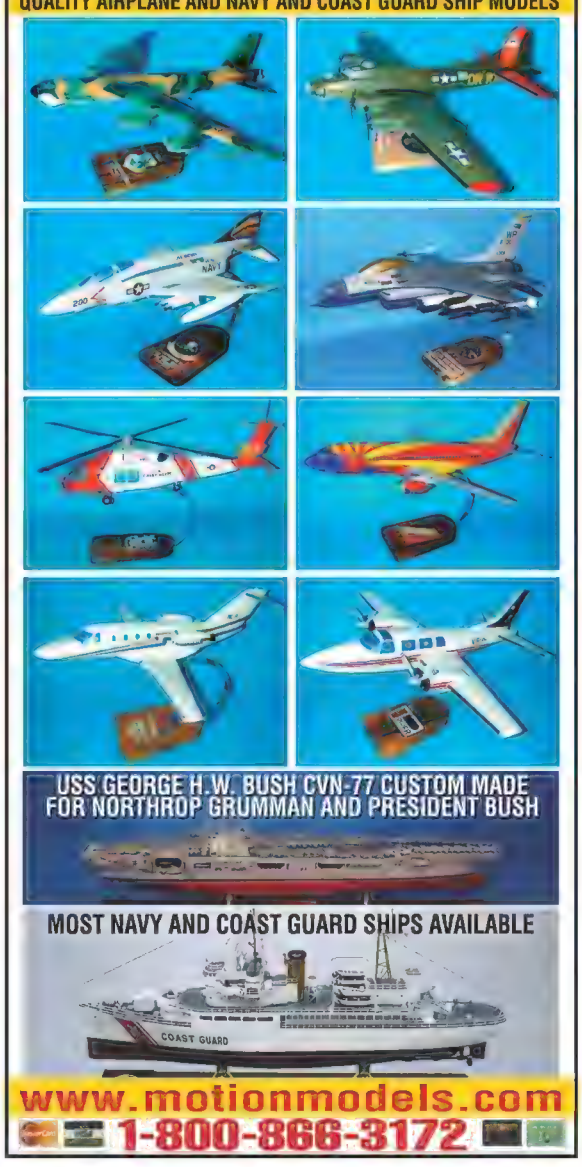
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There is a very simple reason for this catastrophic, intractable mess. Theorists stopped asking *why* a long time ago. Without the *why*, the search for mathematical symmetries becomes numerology, not science. No telescope or particle accelerator, regardless of its size, is going to tell us *why* the universe is the way it is. When the *why*'s remain unanswered, there is no understanding. When there is no understanding, there is no progress. But this sad situation is about to change forever.

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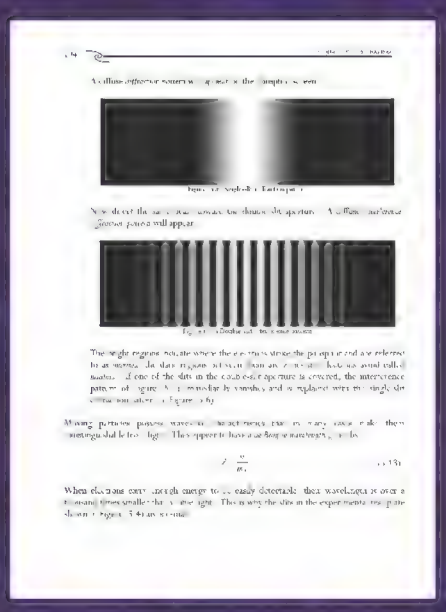

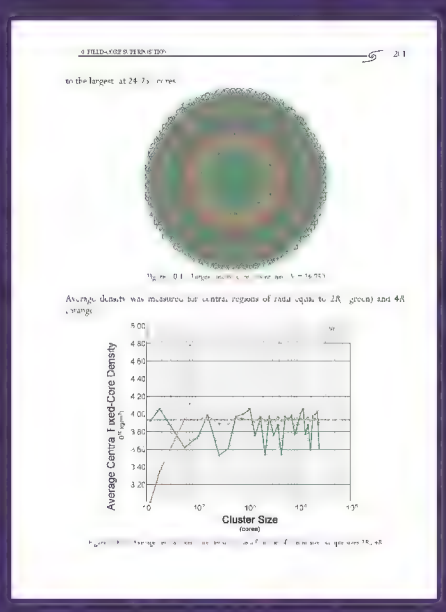

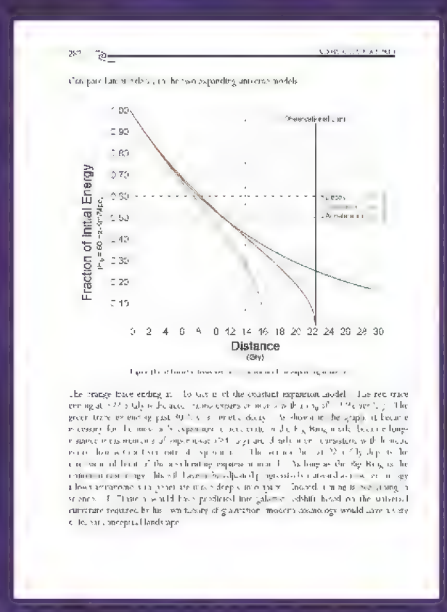

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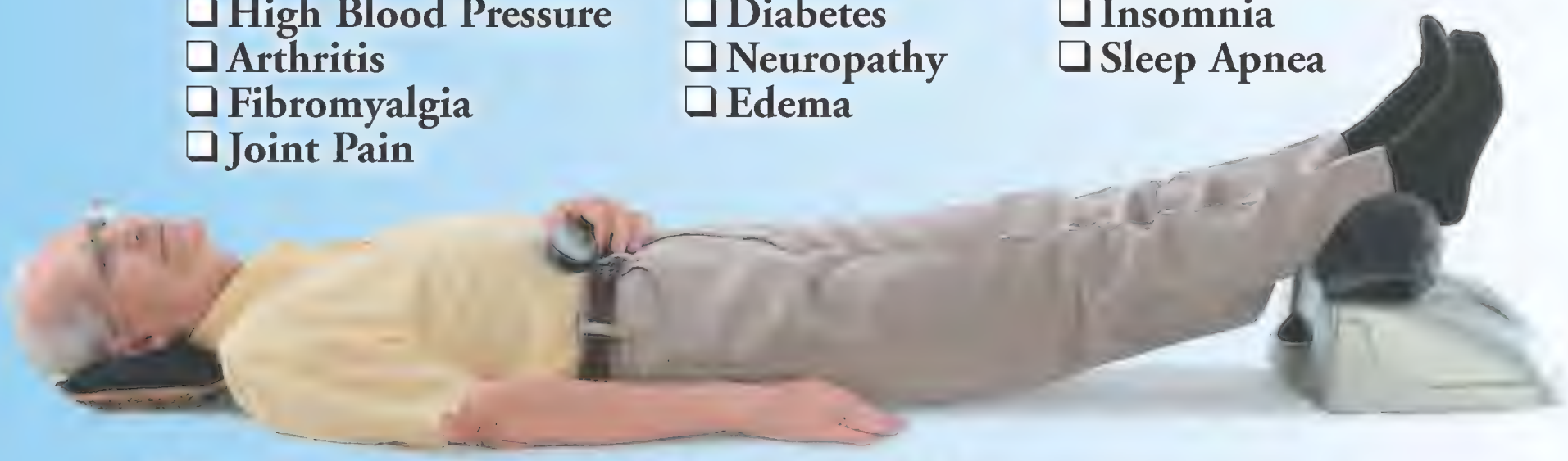

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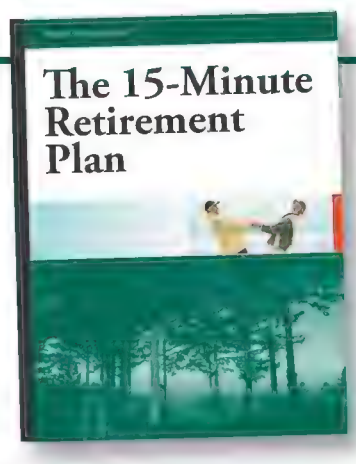

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Dr. Malcolm David Eckel is Associate Professor of Religion at Boston University. He earned his Masters in Theology at Oxford and Ph.D. in the study of comparative religion at Harvard. In 1998, Professor Eckel received the Metcalf Award for Teaching Excellence, his university's highest award for teaching.

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Mom didn't think she needed email… now she can't live without it.

The HP Printing Mailbox with Presto Service lets her receive email and full-color photos without a computer or Internet connection.

The Perfect Solution for Parents & Grandparents

If you're like me, you'd love to get Mom into the electronic family loop. My mom doesn't want to use a computer, so until now I haven't been able to send her email. Recently, a friend told me about a great solution she found. It's called the HP Printing Mailbox with Presto Service, and it lets her send email, photos, and PDF documents to her parents even though they don't have a computer.

Stay Connected to Family

My grown kids and I rely on email to stay in touch. Keeping in touch with my Mom is different. She doesn't have or want a computer, and while I always had good intentions of printing photos and sending

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Simple Technology Makes Staying in Touch Easy

Then we got her the HP Printing Mailbox. It is a remarkable product that lets anyone receive email and attached photos, or PDF documents, without the hassle and expense of a computer or Internet connection. It's easy to set up and simple to use. All you need is an existing phone line and electrical outlet. Now our whole family can send Mom email and photos that are transformed into beautiful, full-color printouts. Messages are printed automatically, so all she has to do is pick them up off of the Printing Mailbox, read, and enjoy! It couldn't be simpler. Whether we send pictures, jokes, or just a note saying, "Hi, we love you," Mom says the HP Printing Mailbox has been a real joy.

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See firsthand how Presto brings loved ones who don't use a computer into the electronic family loop. It's risk free. If you're not completely satisfied, simply return it within 60 days for a refund.

"Presto has provided a **simple and powerful way** for my family to share photos with each other with no one being left out."

— Brian V. from California

"**My mother LOVES it!** This is the best present I have ever given my mother. She says that getting her Presto mail is like someone coming to her house for a visit."

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HYDROXATONE®
HEALTHNEWS

Erase Wrinkles Without Botox®*!

Breakthrough anti-aging cream combines three scientifically advanced wrinkle-reducing ingredients to rival the results of Botox®.*

In recent years Botox®* has been promoted as the leader of anti-wrinkle treatments. Although it can be successful, it is very expensive, painful, must be administered by a physician, and, in many cases, two to three treatments are needed for the desired corrections. After years of research and testing, a new safe, more affordable product offering comparable results is now available.

Most Advanced Anti-Aging Product Available

Hydroxatone® is a true, clinically proven Botox®* alternative. It is a superior facial cream that can reduce deep wrinkles, and it's completely non-toxic, safe and has no side effects. How can it rival Botox®*? Hydroxatone® contains three of the most effective substances known that are needed for real results. Most products use one or two of these important ingredients, but the makers of Hydroxatone® are the first to combine all three, resulting in the most advanced skin care and wrinkle reducer on the market.

Why Choose Hydroxatone®

PRODUCT	Hydroxatone®	Olay® Regenerist†	Strivectin SD®**
Argireline®§ Acetyl Hexapeptide 3	YES	NO	NO
Matrixyl™ 3000‡	YES	NO	NO
Hyaluronic Acid	YES	NO	NO

THREE Proven Wrinkle-Reducing Ingredients

Hydroxatone® is unlike any other skin cream you've ever tried because it relies on THREE proven ingredients for REAL results. Matrixyl™ 3000‡ is clinically proven to promote collagen production in the skin. Collagen is the most powerful substance known to help keep skin stay young, soft and vibrant. Argireline®§ is a combination of amino acids formulated to relax facial wrinkles, reduce the degree of existing wrinkles and stop their future development. And Hyaluronic Acid is virtually unmatched in hydrating the skin, resulting in increased smoothness, softening, elasticity and decreased facial wrinkles. But Hydroxatone® doesn't stop there! It also includes other natural antioxidants, botanicals, vitamins, and peptides and a gentle but powerful exfoliant...all to nourish your skin while fading wrinkles.

What Our Customers Have To Say About Hydroxatone®...

"Within two weeks of using Hydroxatone®, I was getting compliments on my skin from friends and co-workers. My skin not only feels great, but it looks great too! You've made me a Hydroxatone® believer!"

— Robin B., Los Angeles

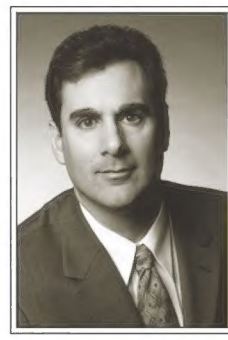
Results not typical

Up To 68% Reduction Of Deep Wrinkles

Unless you've actually tried Hydroxatone®, it's hard to imagine it can work the miracles users claim it does. But women and men of all ages are using Hydroxatone® and seeing real and noticeable results every day. The cumulative results that are seen within two weeks will continue with daily use. Over six months this will increase to as much as a 68% reduction in deep wrinkles.

There Is No Comparison

Forget Botox®* or any other radical and dangerous treatments. Throw out other creams that simply don't work. Hydroxatone® is a proven anti-wrinkle cream that is completely safe and clinically proven. Within two weeks Hydroxatone® users will start to see results. With continued use, their skin will become softer, smoother, more radiant, and younger-looking...and that's GUARANTEED.



"I talk to so many women who would do almost anything to look younger. That is why I recommend Hydroxatone® to so many of my patients."

—Dr. Michael Fiorillo is a world renowned board certified plastic and reconstructive surgeon and codeveloper of Hydroxatone®.

Having A Hard Time Finding Hydroxatone®?

For years consumers have only had expensive and ineffective alternatives to achieve younger looking skin. You may have seen other inferior anti-wrinkle products costing hundreds of dollars at some high priced salons. Unlike those pricey and unproven alternatives, the manufacturer of Hydroxatone® is so confident in their anti-aging technology that they are offering a 30-day risk free trial offer... because seeing is believing!

To get your supply of Hydroxatone® risk free, for just a small S&H fee call **888-349-0344**. Our operators are available to let you try one of the greatest breakthroughs in wrinkle fighting technology without spending hundreds of dollars.

Call 888-349-0344 to get your Hydroxatone® 30-Day Risk Free Trial Offer Today!

Mention Promotion Code 2HSN11C for a Free Upgrade!

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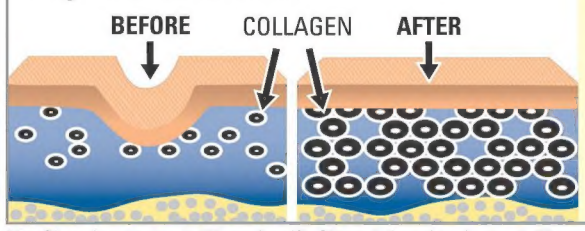
HOW Hydroxatone® WORKS

MATRIXYL™ 3000‡ + ARGIRELINE®§ + HYALURONIC ACID

- 68% reduction of deep wrinkles in just six months
- Diminished age spots & increased suppleness
- Enhanced production of healthy, radiant new skin
- Tightened and toned skin



Matrixyl™ 3000‡ – is clinically proven to promote collagen production in the skin.

Argireline®§ – is a combination of amino acids formulated to relax facial wrinkles, reduce the degree of existing wrinkles and stop their future development.

Hyaluronic Acid – is virtually unmatched in hydrating the skin, resulting in increased smoothness, softening, elasticity and decreased facial wrinkles.

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Nature's Majesty, Captured in Time

Handsome clock with walnut finish and brass-colored pendulum will make a striking addition to your home.

Sculptural cuckoo announces each hour!

Shown much smaller than actual size of appr. 18" tall x 14" wide

Requires 2 D batteries and one AA battery, not included.

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A thrilling wilderness cuckoo clock!

A hush falls over the forest as daylight begins to peer through the trees, reaching the fresh cover of snow upon the ground. There is little fanfare to accompany the entrance of nature's crowned royalty, and yet the moment is still spectacular. Now marvel at the majesty of whitetail deer every hour with the *Timeless Nobility* cuckoo clock.

Boldly detailed and hand-crafted

A hand-painted artist's resin sculpture of two trophy whitetail jousting for supremacy tops this limited edition, hand-crafted with a real wood case and Old World styling. Decorative hanging pine cones, sculpted artist's resin adornments, a brass-colored pendulum, and a clock face adorned with more art by Greg Alexander will inspire you whenever you check the time.

As the final touch, at the beginning of each hour, a tiny door at the top opens, and a sculptural cuckoo emerges to "chirp" you through the day. But don't delay, or you could miss out!

Your satisfaction is guaranteed!

Strong demand is expected, so act now to acquire the *Timeless Nobility* cuckoo clock at its $139* issue price, payable in four monthly installments of $34.75 each. Your purchase is risk-free, backed by our 365-day guarantee. Send no money now. Just mail the Reservation Application today!

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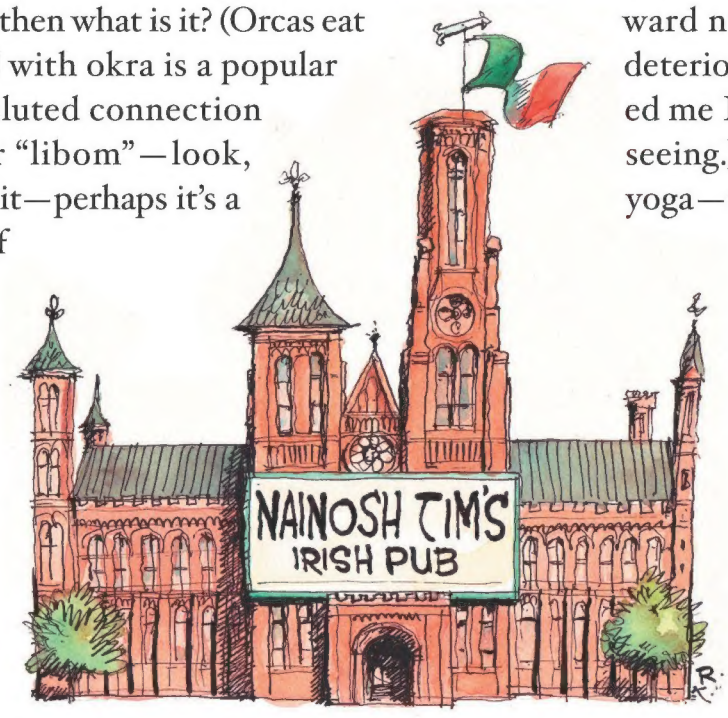
Mind Games

You say tomato, I say otamot **BY ELLIS WEINER**

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, but when I see a STARBUCKS sign, I don't think coffee. I think, "SKCUB RATS." A sign above a supermarket called GELSON'S prompts: "SNOS LEG." Maybe I then pause to wonder what skcub rats are, or what it feels like (or worse, looks like) to actually suffer the torment of snos leg.

For some reason, the bored angels that wired my brain included a reflexive read-it-backward function that often requires a deliberate, conscious effort to override. It just comes naturally for me to note that ARCO backward is practically a vegetable—and that MOBIL almost spells "lip balm."

It doesn't end there. For some reason, I have a need to make sense of this nonsense. If "ocra" (which, yes, is "orca" inside out) isn't really "okra," then what is it? (Orcas eat salmon, and salmon cooked with okra is a popular Creole dish, so some convoluted connection arguably may exist.) As for "libom"—look, there's "limbo" hiding inside it—perhaps it's a petroleum-based form of ChapStick? But ChapStick itself is petroleum-based, isn't it? Certainly Vaseline is. If we know nothing else, we know that Vaseline is, repulsively, a "petroleum jelly." Maybe libom is a kind of petroleum marmalade.



This can't be how an intelligent person's mind is supposed to work. (Hold your comments, please.) No, this is what happens when a brain is hijacked by its own proclivity for verbal expression, especially when there is no writing, reading or talking to be done—as when driving alone. Then, while my self (whatever that is) is AWOL, half driving, half listening to the radio and half worrying about this or that, my brain is reading things in reverse. (Burger King backward commands a barbarian to eat again: "Gnik! Re-grub!")

Apparently my brain insists that proper nouns come first, so that a movie marquee advertising *In the Valley of Elah* yields a Martian salute: "Hale! Fo yellav eht ni!"

But it's not just brand names or titles. I am equally capable of pouncing on ordinary words going about their mundane business. Take "disabled"—which, backward, sounds like a medicine. (I'm talking about Delbasid. Ask your family rot cod if Delbasid is right for you. Go on. Ask.)

And, of course, we know where this leads: to palindromes.

Once you notice that "decaf" backward is "faced," it is but the work of a moment to invent the indignant complaint of a coffee drinker confronting the absence of regular coffee: "I faced decaf! I!!" The same process yields a tailor's cranky opinion ("Knits stink!") and a travel agent's apology to a volcanologist: "Avalon? No lava . . . "

This is what (in *my* head, at least) passes for "the life of the mind." It's possible that all this backward nonsense is causally connected to my deteriorating memory. (My wife just reminded me I liked a movie that I don't recall even seeing.) Maybe this habit is a form of verbal yoga—the mental equivalent of twisting myself into the lotus position in order to keep limber.

Is there hope? Is there a way to make me stop observing that Smithsonian backward yields the name of a Gaelic deli (Nainosh Tim's)?

The only way I have been able to cut back is by, instead, anagrammatizing like a cat naif. I mean, fanatic.

Early results are promising. The name of the Mexican food chain Del Taco is easily rearranged to spell "located." Home Depot? "O, the moped!"

But then, there's "rancid." I've been trying for too long to get an alternate six-letter word out of this perfectly reasonable collection of two vowels and four consonants. I want a single word, not "Narc I.D." or "car din." So far I have been unsuccessful, but I'm working on it. Next week I'm planning a long drive in the country.

ELLIS WEINER *is the author of the mysteries* Drop Dead, My Lovely *and* The Big Boat to Bye-Bye, *as well as the co-author of* Yiddish With Dick and Jane, Yiddish With George and Laura *and* How to Raise a Jewish Dog.

RICHARD THOMPSON